

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1902.

PRICE 2 CENTS

ASTHMA CURE FREE

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.
Write Your Name and Address Plainly.

CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler.

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other.

Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AT ON SPRING, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimonial you can make such use of as you see fit.

S. RAPHAEL.

67 East 129th st., New York City.

Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

Sold by All Druggists.

CANVAS LEGGINGS

FOR SPORTSMEN'S USE.

Sizes for Boys and Men. Prices Extremely Low.

A. P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

YOU CERTAINLY WANT THE PUREST FINE OLD KY. TAYLOR WHISKEY

Full Quarts. 8 Years Old.

R. H. HIRSHFIELD, N. E. Agent,
31 DOANE STREET, BOSTON.

For Sale by Case and Bottle by Globe Grocery Co.

ONLY FIRST-CLASS UPHOLSTERY AND MATTRESS WORK

BY F. A. ROBBINS, 49 ISLINGTON STREET.

Send me a postal and I will call and make estimates. References:—Joan P. F. vrt, Rockingham Park, and F. W. Bartford, 50 Highland St.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

A FIERCE BATTLE

Mountaineers And Deputies In Desperate Conflict.

Ten Of The Former Killed And Several Of The Latter.

Scene Of The Encounter Was Lee Turner's "Blind Tiger" Saloon.

Middlesboro, Ky., Feb. 12.—One of the fiercest battles ever fought in the Cumberland mountains occurred today at Lee Turner's "blind tiger" saloon, four miles from here. The battle was between Turner's mountaineers, twenty in number, and fifteen or more citizens of Middlesboro, who were sworn in as posse to arrest Lee Turner, Turner owed Gills Colson some money and the latter levied on his mules. On Wednesday night Turner took the mules away from Colson by force. Today the sheriff with a posse went to Turner's place to arrest him. Turner had made preparations to receive them. The saloon is made of huge logs and is surrounded by a thirty-foot fence, in which logs had been cut. Turner's saloon was a room of sheds. After several had been shot on both sides, a posse was applied to the exposed side of the building and in a few minutes it was in flames. Several of the mountaineers came to the windows and were immediately shot down. Turner and several of his friends however, escaped. Several of his men perished in the flames. Many rumors are rife tonight, one being that five of the Turner gang were killed and three more perished in the flames. It is also believed that the deputies lost several men. Some of the deputies who came back tonight say that one-half of the men are still in the saloon, and that they will return with reinforcements. Turner's saloon is noted for the bloodshed that has occurred there. Placing tonight's number of dead at only six, fifty-nine have been killed and twice that number wounded.

THE BRINE INJUNCTION.

President Cox of The Allied Transportation Council Released From Further Defense.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 12.—President Cox of the Allied Freight Transportation Council is released from further defense in the Brine injunction proceedings. Judge Bailey stated this afternoon that his counsel need make no arguments for him and that at the proper time he would dismiss the temporary injunction so far as it pertained to him. The evidence was furnished today and the court appointed Tuesday next at ten o'clock as the time for hearing the arguments.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CAMP.

John King, An Old Adirondack Guide, Had Evidently Been Murdered and Robbed.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Feb. 12.—John King, seventy-six years of age, one of the best known guides in the Adirondacks, was found dead in his camp yesterday morning at Big Trout lake, near Horseshoe pond. He had evidently been dead two weeks. The last seen of him was on Jan. 7, when he left Horseshoe for his cabin, loaded with supplies. The indications are that King was murdered and robbed, as his body was badly cut and bruised.

LOST IN WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 12.—Searching parties have been organized by Attorney Carroll O. Williams of this city to look for Dr. E. N. Williams, with his brother, Anthony Williams, line steamer ship Vanderland, who is believed to be lost in the mountains of New Hampshire.

Dr. Williams is twenty-eight years of age and has been in ill-health for several months. Last October, while the Vanderland was in English waters, he resigned his position in order to travel through Europe. He became ill at Naples and returned to this country in January. He communicated with his brother, Attorney Williams, informing him that he intended making him a visit in Glencliff, N. H. Since then no tidings of him have been received.

ECLECTIC BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Eclectic Benevolent society, for the choice of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it, will be held on Saturday, the 22nd day of February, 1902, at four o'clock p. m., at the house of Mrs. Emily Richter on Middle street.

ANNIE M. COGSWELL, Sec.
Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 11th, 1902.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Always Suggests A Valentine Party—What To Do.

St. Valentine's day always suggests a valentine party, as an opportunity for entertainment a little different from what can be done any ordinary day.

Invitations may be sent out in a variety of novel forms, on cards the shape of hearts, decorated with cupids and made interesting by bits of rhyme or verse, sealed with hearts, and so on. Ask each guest to bring one or more valentines, and have a large basket or bag in the hall to receive them as the guests enter. These can be distributed in a variety of ways, either by some one masquerading as St. Valentine and giving them to the people, and giving them, or having a grab for them.

For entertainment there may be original valentines, charades, cards or ping-pong. Indoor archery, using hearts for targets, makes good sport. For the games a variety of odd things can be made use of for targets. Cards in the shape of hearts strung together, each heart to be used as the tally for each game; the tallies to be kept by passing tiny hearts or arrows on these, by punching or with pencils, which should be provided.

Another tally is in the shape of an arrow, on which will be strung a heart on each point scored; another is a quiver to which will be added an arrow for each point; also a bracelet for heart-shaped bangles, or a fan to which can be pasted a fancy picture for each point.

For the supper table use two strips of lavender ribbon on crepe paper if preferred, from side to side, allowing the ends to hang down the sides, and on these arrange the spoons or forks in patterns. In the center, place a large cake, heavily frosted, in which put rings or similar prizes. This makes a shape of a heart or decorated with hearts. Around this lay candies. The candy-laden shades may be made of lavender silk or paper, decorated with violets or gilt hearts.

Violets and violet-colored bonbons would be an appropriate and harmonious addition to the table.

YACHT HERE.

Hohenzollern Is Now At New York.

New York, Feb. 12.—Emperor William's yacht Hohenzollern, commanded by Admiral Count von Baudissin, arrived unexpectedly at New York this afternoon, a day ahead of her schedule. The Hohenzollern was recognized by marine observer at Aquatic High, about a few minutes before noon. An hour later she passed in the Narrows, and so she steamed past Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton the German naval ensign was displayed from the staff on her tailfin. Word of her arrival had been promptly sent to quarantine, and when she came up the doctors were waiting to board and pass her. The delay was very slight, and before 1.30 o'clock the big yacht was heading up the harbor for Hoboken. The Hohenzollern was recognized by the shipping, and nearly all the passing vessels saluted either with a dip of the colors or a whistle. The Kaiser's yacht is a bark-rigged, two-funnel man-of-war-like craft with a ram bow. She carries eight rapid-fire Krupp guns. At quarantine it was said by her officers that the question of their acceptance of any social courtesies prior to the arrival of the prince had not been considered by them, but they did not think it would be possible or proper to attend any function until Prince Henry arrives.

DESIRED TO LYNCH HIM.

Man Who Shot and Killed A Man and Agcd Woman Locked In Prison To Escape Mob.

New Orleans, Feb. 12.—To escape being lynched today, Willis Cooper, who shot and killed William Perry and Mrs. Barbara Russell at Amite City, La., was brought here hurriedly and locked in the parish prison. While a carnival procession was in progress at Amite City, Cooper and Perry renewed a previous difficulty. Cooper drew his pistol and killed Perry. One bullet struck Mrs. Barbara Russell, an aged woman, who, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, was witnessing the parade. The killing of Mrs. Russell created intense indignation, and a mob speedily formed to lynch Cooper.

OBSERVED LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Middlesex Club Holds A Banquet At Hotel Brunswick.

Boston, Feb. 12.—The Middlesex club observed the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday by a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick this evening. The guests who addressed them were Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, Major General Daniel S. Sickles, Roscoe Conkling Bruce, the colored Harvard class orator, and Capt. John Borden, Jr., U. S. A.

TO SING AT PORTSMOUTH.

Harold E. Noyes of this city will be one of the ballad singers at the annual minstrel performance of the Portsmouth Athletic club, which is to be held soon, rehearsal now going on for the show, which is always one of the leading events of the kind over there.—Newburyport News.

IN WASHINGTON.

What The Senate And House Are Doing.

The Former Still Discussing Philippine Tariff Bill.

Letter Passes Th: Oleomargarine Bill With Slight Modifications.

Washington, Feb. 12.—With the exception of a slight crash between Mr. Lodge and Mr. Peterson upon the matter of admission of representatives of the press to the investigation which the Philippine committee is conducting, the discussion of the Philippine tariff bill in the senate today was quiet. Mr. Felner occupied the attention of the senate during the greater part of today's session and has not yet concluded his speech.

House Passes Oleomargarine Bill.

Washington, Feb. 12.—The house today passed the oleomargarine bill. As now passed the bill is somewhat modified in the form from which it was reported from the committee on agriculture. War claims occupied the attention of the house after the passage of the oleomargarine bill.

Y. M. C. A.

On Wednesday afternoon the Woman's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. held their regular monthly meeting at the association rooms on Congress street. Mrs. E. P. Kimball, president of the auxiliary, presided. The meeting was opened with scripture reading by the president and prayer was offered by Secretary Hoehn. Reports were then made and the regular business was transacted. The treasure reported having received \$109 from the treasurer of the committee which had in charge the play, "Me and Oris," given in Philadelphia a few weeks ago.

After the business meeting Mr. E. P. Kimball, president of the association, introduced Col. Cochrane of the United States marine corps of the navy yard, who spoke of his experience in the Philippines where he has been stationed and of the grand work being done there by the Young Men's Christian association.

This was Col. Cochrane's first appearance before Portsmouth people as a speaker and quite a number of the friends of the association came in to enjoy his remarks.

Col. Cochrane is an excellent speaker and his remarks were very interesting; he is a good friend of association work and told of the help it had been both to officers and men in his island possession. At the conclusion of the address a collation of fancy wafers, biscuit and hot chocolate were served in the amusement room by Mrs. Charles Clough and Mrs. Lewis E. Staples and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

WILLIAMS—SIDES.

The marriage of Miss Alice May Sides, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John S. Sides, and Mr. Frank Williams, son of Mr. Hiram F. Williams, took place Wednesday afternoon, the 12th inst., at the Universalist parsonage. Rev. George E. Leighton pronounced the ceremony.

The bride wore dark blue broadcloth, and was attended by Miss Elizabeth C. Hayes. The groom had as best man his brother, Mr. Arthur F. Williams.

Immediately after the ceremony the couple proceeded to the station and took the train eastward for a brief bridal trip.

The tributes were many and useful and included cut glass, furniture, china, gold, pictures, checks, et cetera.

Mr. Williams, who formerly resided in this city, is clerk at the G. H. Plumer dry goods establishment at Newburyport, while his bride was lately the bookkeeper at D. F. Northwick's, Market street.

A large circle of friends extend to each the heartiest of congratulations and good wishes.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Beginning next Sunday morning, February 16, there will be a course of sermons on Christian doctrine, at the Unitarian church, by the pastor, the Rev. Alfred Gooding. The subjects of the series and the dates arranged for their delivery are as follows:

February 16, The Importance of Religious Belief.
February 23, The Revelation of God in Nature and in Human Nature.
March 2, The Rise of Man.
March 9, The Jesus of the Fourth Gospel.
March 16, The Bible as Literature.
March 23, Christianity and Other Religions.
March 30, Witnesses to Immortality.

For Singers and Speakers.

The New Remedy for Catarrh is Very Valuable.

A Grand Rapids gentleman who represents a prominent manufacturing concern and travels through central and southern Michigan, relates the following in regard to the new catarrh cure, he says:

"After suffering from catarrh of the head, throat and stomach for several years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets quite accidentally and like everything else I immediately bought a package and was decidedly surprised at the immediate relief it afforded me and still more to find a complete cure after several weeks' use."

"I have a little son who sings in a



boy's choir in one of our prominent churches, and he is greatly troubled with hoarseness and throat weakness, and on my return home from a trip I gave him a few of the tablets on Sunday morning when he had complained of hoarseness. He was delighted with their effect, removing all hoarseness in a few moments and making the voice clear and strong.

"As the tablets are very pleasant to the taste, I had no difficulty in persuading him to use them regularly."

"Our family physician told us they were an antiseptic preparation of undoubted merit and that he himself had no hesitation in using and recommending Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form of catarrh."

"I have since met many public speakers and professional singers who used them constantly. A prominent Detroit lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets kept his throat in fine shape during the most trying weather, and that he had long since discarded the use of cheap lozenges and troches on the advice of his physician, that they contained so much toxin, potash and opium as to render their use a danger to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting lozenges composed of catarrh antiseptics, like Gum, Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full treatment.

They act upon the blood and mucous membrane and their composition and remarkable success has won the approval of physicians, as well as thousands of sufferers from nasal catarrh, throat troubles and catarrh of stomach.

A little book on treatment of catarrh mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

CITY BRIEFS.

Three games of basket ball at Pelree hall tomorrow evening, at 8 o'clock.

Arrived Feb 13.—Bate No 6 from Port Johnston, with 974 tons coal for J. A. & W. Walker.

Strawberry Bank grange held their regular meeting at Good Templars hall this evening and will be observed as gentlemen's evening.

It is reported that Mortimer Hanscom is to be the conductor on the train which is to run to the navy yard from this city and that Edward Weeks is to be brakeman.

The worst kind of eyes fitted and the best kind of glasses furnished and satisfaction guaranteed in every case by C. P. Hussey, eyesight specialist, 39 Congress street, Portsmouth, N. H.

SOMERSWORTH.

The jurors in war three, drawn by the selectmen and a deputy clerk appointed by them after ward clerk Beacham, who is in the south, had been voted out of office by the city council and another man elected to the position, were ordered by Judge Wallace to be notified to appear in court for duty yesterday at Dover. They had previously been notified by the clerk of court not to come. It is stated that the petit jurors will be allowed to sit, if their services are needed.

The members of the Somersworth fire department were royally entertained by Triumph engine company of Berwick last evening at the latter's headquarters. A steamed clam supper was served.

LOSS OF APPETITE.

A person that has lost appetite has lost something besides—vitality, vigor, tone.

The way to recover appetite and all that goes with it is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla—that strengthens the stomach, perfects digestion and makes eating a pleasure.

Thousands take it for spring loss of appetite and every body says there's nothing else so good as Hood's.

IS MUCH BETTER

Cris's In Young Roosevelt's Condition Near.

His Physicians Think His Vitality Strong Enough To Meet It.

The President Will Probably Leave For Washington Friday.

Groton, Mass., Feb. 12.—If young Theodore Roosevelt continues for the next twenty-four hours in his present condition his physicians have given the president and his wife to believe that their son's vitality will be sufficient for him to meet and pass successfully the crisis in his disease which will take place some time tomorrow, and that by Friday morning he will be practically out of danger. Tonight he is considerably better than last night. So confident are the president and his wife of their son's recovery that the president is making some slight preparations to leave for Washington. Tonight it looks as if he might start some time Friday. The president has not given up the trip to Charleston, but will go there after Prince Henry leaves.

Haydn.

Haydn never attempted composition without first putting on the valuable ring given him by Frederick II.

Small Fish.

The whitebait, the sprat, the sardine and the anchovy are the smallest of the finny tribe, and yet the collection and sale of these form important and very profitable industries.

New Mexico Forests.

In New Mexico there are two enormous forest reserves, one on the Pecos river, in the northern part of the territory, the other on the Gila river, in the southwestern section, comprising 3,701,040 acres. This domain is as large as the states of Rhode Island, Delaware and one-half of Connecticut combined.

"Old" Violins.

A half million dollars' worth of so called "old" violins are exported from Germany yearly.

A Falling Bullet.

When a gun is fired absolutely in the vertical, the ball will fall a few inches south and west from the gun in the northern latitude, due west at the equator and northwest in the southern latitudes.

How Bees Work.

The first duty young bees perform is feeding the young brood. Then they produce wax and build comb and, lastly, gather honey.

Reading.

In a course of reading the first thing necessary is a vital interest in some subject; then, in tracing this out through its mazes and relying upon yourself for the connecting links, your mind will be occupied. You will read and think, and while your interest grows your mental faculties strengthen.

Pomades.

Pomades are made of the best and purest fat of the ox, impregnated with any perfume which may be desirable.

To Remove a Scorch.

Boil the juice of one onion with a quarter of a pint of vinegar, one ounce of fuller's earth and a quarter of an ounce of soap till thoroughly mixed. Place some on the mark, allow it to dry, then wash the article and repeat if necessary. This never fails to remove the worst scorch.

Handy With His Toes.

The Hindoo makes his toes work at the loom, using them in his weaving operations with almost as much dexterity as he does his fingers.

Thickening Gravy.

Pouring the thickening in while the pan is over the fire is apt to make the gravy lumpy. The better way is to remove the pan until the thickening is well stirred in, then return to the fire and cook thoroughly.

China's Great Wall.

The material used in the great wall of China would build 100 arch structures as the pyramid of Cheops.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A PRICELESS LOVE

(Original)

What pitfalls beset the young! All my life I have suffered from yielding in my youth to a simple natural inclination or, rather, yielding just enough to make my action a crime.

When I was eighteen, my mother took into her service a little maid from the country. She wore her dresses to the tops of her boots, her hair in a single braid down her back. It was very light, and her eyes were a pale blue. She was such a demure little thing and seemed so lonely sitting by herself in her room all the long evening—for she did not appear to relish the society of the other servants—that I always spoke to her kindly when I wished her to do anything for me, usually softening my request with a smile. I gave her books to read, such books as I thought would interest a simple young girl. She always read them and returned them to me without any comment in words, but with such a look—I understood just what it meant.

One day she came into the library to do some dusting. I was seated in the great leather covered chair by the window reading. I was to leave for college the next day. She was going about with her feather duster, giving light touches here and there, but listlessly, as if absorbed by something else. Presently I said to her:

"You seem distraught this morning, Janet. What is the matter?"

Perhaps she did not know what "distraught" meant. At any rate, she did not reply, but turned to dust a bronze statuette, so that her back was toward me.

"Come, little girl, tell me if anything troubles you."

Still she gave me no answer. I got up from my chair and went to her to discover the cause of her silence by looking into her face. She must have heard me come up behind her, but she kept on with her work. I put a hand on each arm and turned her around. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Poor child," I said.

I bent and kissed her innocent young lips. Somehow I knew that her tears were for my departure on the morrow. Then it occurred to me that there was something in all this that could only lead to trouble, and, releasing her, without a word I left the library.

When I returned a year later, I found Janet a little taller, her dresses lengthened to the floor, her hair in a knot at the back of her head. The year had brought experience to me, and I knew better than before that I had trespassed on forbidden ground. I greeted her kindly, but made it plain by my tone and manner that there was a social gulf between us, watching her to see if the change affected her. I could not see that it did and felt a sense of relief.

I continued to return at vacation time, once a year, noting Janet's growth from the child she had come to us to a willowy woman of nineteen. While she grew tall, she did not grow robust. Her cheek was pale, and her step was languid. On my return after being graduated I noticed this especially and spoke to my mother about it, but received no satisfaction as to the cause.

I went abroad to finish my studies, and while I was away my mother died. I wrote directions to close the household, leaving everything as it was till I came. It was not for two years more that I went back to the old place with a view to putting it in the market for sale. My mother had had an elderly woman in her service who was with her when she died, and to her I went to gain what satisfaction I could in talking to her about the last days they had passed together. I asked her to go with me to the little cemetery near by and show me the grave. She did so, and I was much pleased with the care that had been given to my mother's resting place.

"What is that mound up in the corner?" I asked.

"That is Janet's grave."

"Janet's?"

"Yes. She died soon after your mother. When the house was closed, I took her with me. She had been long failing and lived only a short time, though long enough to do all this work, of which you see the result. 'We must make haste,' she would say. 'He may come home at any time, and think how he would feel to find his dear mother's grave neglected!'"

"Janet dead?"

"She would come here every morning, weeding and spading when she was so weak that I could not see how she was able even to walk here. One day when she did not return at the accustomed time I came and saw her sitting on that bench. I spoke to her, and she did not answer. She was dead."

I was looking at the little mound devoid of adornment. This girl had spent two years of labor, her life slowly going out the while, that when I returned I might not find my mother's grave neglected. During this period I had never thought once of one so devoted.

"Of what disease did she die?" I asked after some time.

"I discovered that accidentally. She guarded her secret carefully and I am sure would not give me permission to tell you. But I would like you to know. Janet died of a hopeless love for you."

I stood without motion for a long time. I was far away in the library where I had kissed her. For many years I have visited those two graves every summer. In vain have I resolved to marry and build a home. None of the women in my social circle has ever given me that pure affection which I received from Janet, whose whole soul was mine. Though I am now an old man, I am a bachelor.

MUMFORD BARRECK.

"OLEO" BILL PASSED

Tax of Ten Cents a Pound Imposed Upon Products Imitating Butter

Washington, Feb. 13.—The house yesterday passed the oleomargarine bill. There was no division on the final passage. The provision to require the inspection and branding of renovated butter was retained yesterday on an aye and no vote. As finally passed, the bill makes oleomargarine or imitation butter or cheese transported into any state or territory, subject to the laws of such state or territory, notwithstanding that it may be introduced in original packages, and imposes a tax of 10 cents a pound on oleomargarine made in imitation of "butter of any shade of yellow." When not made in such imitation the tax is reduced to 1-4 of a cent a pound. The second section is intended to prevent dealers, hotel proprietors, restaurant and boarding house keepers from coloring the uncolored article, by making any person who colors the product and then sells, or furnishes it to others, a manufacturer within the meaning of the act.

War claims occupied the attention of the house after the passage of the oleomargarine bill and the first bill for the payment of claims of United States citizens arising out of the Spanish war was passed. It carried over \$55,000 for the payment of 292 claims for property taken within the United States for the use of the army. An omnibus bill carrying claims aggregating \$2,114,552 for stores and supplies taken from loyal citizens during the Civil war also was passed.

With the exception of a clash between Mr. Lodge and Mr. Patterson over the matter of admission of representatives of the press to the investigation which the Philippine committee is conducting, the discussion of the Philippine tariff bill in the senate yesterday was quiet.

Humbert's Death Plotted at Gotham
New York, Feb. 13.—In a report by the police of this city to the Italian ambassador in Washington and the Italian consul in New York, the direct assertion is made, The Herald says, that the killing of King Humbert was planned here. The police have named the men who have conspired with Gaetano Bresci. Many of them are still at liberty. Just four months to a day before the assassination of King Humbert, according to this report, a meeting of anarchists was held at a hotel here, owned by an Italian who has since died. Incendiary speeches were made, and it was decided that King Humbert must die. Just at the close of the meeting Bresci volunteered his services and they were accepted.

Sylla's Little Larcie Bill

Paris, Feb. 13.—The judgment of the civil court in the case of Sylla Sanderson, who has been sued by a French lace manufacturer for 13,951 francs for lace purchased in 1899, which was rendered yesterday, reduces the claim against Mrs. Sanderson to 15,500 francs, orders Mrs. Sanderson to pay 5000 francs now and allows her to pay the balance in three annual installments.

Automobile Killed a Boy

New York, Feb. 13.—Henry Thies, 7 years old, was struck and killed yesterday by an automobile occupied by Edward J. Thomas and three friends. The boy was arrested on a charge of loitering and was released on bail. Thomas was elected president of the Seventh National bank of this city last June, but he served only one day.

Special Committee Will Investigate

Washington, Feb. 13.—The ways and means committee yesterday referred the investigation of the right of the treaty making power to conclude reciprocity agreements affecting duties and revenues without consulting the house of representatives to a special committee.

Train Tumbled Into Ditch

Cleveland, Feb. 13.—A train on the Erie road was wrecked about 40 miles from this city yesterday. The whole train left the tracks, finally toppling over in a ditch. Twenty-one persons were injured, but no fatalities occurred. The wrecked train was one of the finest vestibuled on the Erie road.

Fire at Chiborio, P. R., a town of 3000 inhabitants, destroyed 17 houses, including the city hall. Most of the city records were burned.

A sporting oil well was struck near Fos, Wyo. The oil was thrown 25 feet in the air.

The German press have variously complained since the visit of Prince Henry to the United States was announced, that the English correspondents at New York have been sending dispatches calculated to create uneasiness in one quarters.

The Connecticut constitutional convention delegates adopted a resolution providing for one representative from each town in the lower house of the general assembly.

Patrick McGrath, 12 years old, broke through the ice on the Acquiescent river at New Bedford, Mass., and was drowned.

Edward Joyce, his wife and their son were taken unharmed from a second story window of a burning house at Lynn, Mass., by firemen.

Professor Sylvester Waterhouse, for 36 years a teacher of Greek at Washington university, died at St. Louis as the result of an operation. Professor Waterhouse, who was 70 years old, resigned from active service last year.

At a meeting of the managers of the Pastime club of Portland, Ore., it was decided to offer a purse of \$15,000 for a 20 round contest between champion Jaffee and "Denver" Ed. Martin.

The new Syns-Eaton academy, at Flat Rock, Va., was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies, the occasion being commemorative of the founding of the first free school in America, the old Syns-Eaton academy.

UNITED STATES' VIEWS

Embodied In Treaty Between England and Japan

THIS COUNTRY'S PURPOSES

All Relate to the Commercial and Industrial Phases of the Manchurian Question—New Alliance Will Maintain the Status Quo In Far East

Washington, Feb. 13.—Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister to Washington, yesterday called at the state department and notified Secretary Hay of the signature of the treaty between Great Britain and Japan, made public in England, binding the two nations to joint action to maintain the integrity of China and Korea.

The assent of the United States is not necessary to this agreement, but if it were it probably would not be withheld, for it is pointed out that the treaty is precisely in line with the aims of the state department, as fully disclosed in the notes published by it from time to time.

It is again stated that there has been no joint action as between the United States and the two powers named, yet it is a fact that the preamble to the new treaty might be regarded as almost a paraphrase of the position of the United States toward the Manchurian question as enunciated in Secretary Hay's note to the Russian ambassador here.

It is made very clear here by the official statements that the purposes of the United States all relate to commercial and industrial phases of the Manchurian question. With the political phase we have little concern. The sovereignty of Russia or China over Manchuria would be to us an immaterial issue so long as American ships are free to sail into Manchurian ports on even terms with Russian ships, so long as American products may be entered in Manchuria at the same tariff rates as Russian, and so long as American railroad and mining properties may operate in Manchuria as freely as those of any other nation.

In other words, the United States is contending for the "open door" in Manchuria and it recognizes in this new treaty a valuable support in its contention. It is understood that the Japanese minister and the British and Russian ambassadors here are fully acquainted with this attitude of the United States.

Manchuria Within Its Scope

London, Feb. 13.—In the house of commons yesterday Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman invited A. J. Balfour to make a statement relative to the Anglo-Japanese treaty. Mr. Balfour promised to do so if any papers relating thereto could be presented to the house, but he thought no further statement was required.

Bacon Hayashi, the Japanese minister here, who signed the treaty in behalf of Japan, declares that the treaty was not directed especially against Russia, but, undoubtedly, Manchuria was within its scope. It was solely meant to maintain the status quo. The present treaty has collateral in the shape of treaties between Japan and other powers, but it does not exclude the possibility of a similar treaty between Japan and Russia, of course with the full knowledge of Great Britain.

Knocks Out Manchurian Treaty

Pekin, Feb. 13.—The news of the signing of the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance became known to a few diplomats here yesterday and was an absolute surprise. The treaty is regarded as the most important move made in far eastern politics of recent years. It is not doubted among the diplomats here that the new alliance will eventually veto the signing of the Manchurian treaty. The foreign ministers have recently been pressing Prince Ching to postpone signing the Manchurian treaty and obtained a promise to defer so doing until fresh representations could be made, which representations were made yesterday in the form of a copy of the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

The French Feeling

Paris, Feb. 13.—The view taken in diplomatic circles here is that the Anglo-Japanese alliance, being purely defensive, is now a disquieting element in the eastern situation. The alliance is taken to indicate that Great Britain has abandoned her opportunistic and vacillating attitude of recent years in the far east for a fixed policy, and that the result will certainly make for the peace of the world. The question of Korea cannot lead to a disturbance of the peace, because Russia has no aggressive aims in that country. Japan, also, is not in an aggressive mood.

American Support Looked For

London, Feb. 13.—The announcement of the Anglo-Japanese treaty has opened the floodgate of discussion and comment throughout the continent. A day's reflection has only served to confirm the opinions of the leader writers, which were hurriedly expressed yesterday. Noticeable throughout the comment here is the anxiety to see the United States in line with the agreement. Every editorial points to the identity of interests and looks for moral support from America.

Charged With Bank Robbery

St. Louis, Feb. 13.—Sylvester L. Savignac and Charles Meyers were arrested yesterday on warrants issued by the East St. Louis authorities, charging them with having robbed the National Stock Yards bank on the night of Jan. 9 last.

COX OUT OF IT

Head of Union No Longer Affected by Brine Injunction Proceedings

Boston, Feb. 13.—President Cox of the Allied Freight Transportation council is relieved from further defense in the Brine Injunction proceedings. Judge Brainerd yesterday afternoon that counsel need make no argument for him, and that at the proper time he would dissolve the temporary injunction so far as it pertained to him.

The evidence was finished yesterday and the court appointed Tuesday next as the time for hearing arguments. The defense put in evidence yesterday memoranda from the police records to the effect that of 35 persons arrested in connection with strike disorders, only six were identified as belonging to the "Teamsters' union, 22 were under the age of 22, 23 were charged with violation of city ordinances (blocking streets) but only one for "intimidation."

Police Commissioner Clark and Superintendent of Police Pierce were two of the principal witnesses called by the defense. Commissioner Clark testified that the Brine Transportation company asked for a special detail of police and read its letter "earnestly requesting the protection of the law that a summary end to mob violence be brought." He considered his department competent to preserve the peace.

Superintendent Pierce read from memoranda to show the details made each day, number of arrests made, etc. Details were made to protect Brine teams against "a certain disturbing element," and to preserve the peace. He had no knowledge of any alleged strike.

More evidence was introduced to show that the Brine company's representatives were present at the master teamsters' meeting when a committee was unanimously appointed to draw up an agreement with the union.

Settlement Checked

Providence, Feb. 13.—The failure of the American Woolen company to recognize the textile union was the stumbling block which yesterday set at naught all plans for a complete and early settlement of the strike of weavers, of whom about 1000 are now out. The break in negotiations came as a result of the refusal by Treasurer Wood of the American Woolen company to receive a committee of union officials, who were not employees of the company, and a counter refusal by the union to withdraw and permit a committee of actual weavers to meet him.

Distinguished Men at Banquet

Boston, Feb. 13.—As a fitting observance of the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, the Middlesex club, composed of men of Republican tendencies, celebrated the occasion by a banquet at Hotel Brunswick last evening. The guests who addressed them were Secretary Long, Major General Sickles, Captain Bonham, U. S. A., and Cosce Bruce, a colored student at Harvard. A list of those present would comprise the name of almost every well known living Republican in the political history of the state.

Wants Athletic Laws Changed

Boston, Feb. 13.—Edward S. Hall, professor of physics at Harvard, declared last night at the dinner of the Bowdoin Alumni association of Boston that the laws against professionalism in college athletics were too rigid, and that every college winks at their violation. He also said that the intense interest in athletics in American colleges should not be further encouraged.

Fishermen's Luck

Boston, Feb. 13.—The Boston fishing schooner, M. Madalene, Captain Brewer, arrived at T. W. Hart yesterday with a record-breaking trip for a craft of her size, stocking \$1509.73 for two days' fishing. Captain Brewer's crew of about a dozen men received \$104.55 each. The location of the fishing ground is kept a close secret, but rumor says 'twas off Chatham.

Perit Search For Missing Man

Warren, N. H., Feb. 13.—A search without a trace of him has been made on Mt. Moosilauke for Dr. E. N. Williams of Philadelphia. His friends fear that his body lies in the wilderness between Warren Summit and East Haverhill. It was on Mt. Moosilauke that Dr. Williams said he intended to buy a maple sugar orchard.

Delegates Didn't Show Up

Barre, Vt., Feb. 13.—The annual meeting of the New England Association of Granite Manufacturers was held here last night, but there were not delegates enough present to fairly represent the interests throughout New England and the election of officers was postponed for two months. No business was transacted during the session.

Salem's New City Marshal

Salem, Mass., Feb. 13.—By a vote of 4 to 1, two aldermen not voting, the board of aldermen last night confirmed Mayor Hurley's nomination of Edward H. Knight as city marshal. The other nominations of the mayor for police officers were not confirmed.

The Randall Probably Lost

Boston, Feb. 13.—Shipping men here now feel sure that the wreck of the Randall is that of the John F. Randall. It is thought the ill-fated vessel came to her end by being run into or else striking some floating wreckage.

A Change of Heart

Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 13.—A political announcement of interest yesterday was that by Fred G. R. Gordon, who had been very prominent in his ranks, that he had repudiated the Socialist party, and had sent his resignation.

Smallpox Patient Dead

Malden, Mass., Feb. 13.—Arthur Fareington, aged 21, died at his home here last night of smallpox. He was taken sick 10 days ago. His mother and sister have been quarantined.

STANDS FOR STATEHOOD

Of Philippine Islands In the American Union

MEMORIAL OF FEDERALISTS

Declares That Making of a Colony or Granting Independence Would Lead to Destruction of Law and Order—Amnesty Asked For Filipinos

Washington, Feb. 13.—The memorial of the Federal party of the Philippine islands was transmitted to the senate yesterday afternoon by the secretary of war, together with a letter of transmittal by Governor Taft, in whose charge the document was given. The memorial was adopted by the Federal party in November.

The memorial makes a presentation of the deduction of the Federal party that congress should proceed to carry into effect its intention of defeating the future of the Philippines in their relations to the United States, and asserts that there is no reason for not replacing the military regime "by a civil rule of a popular character in conformity with the decisive words of President McKinley."

The memorial proper is divided into two parts. The first of these is a petition for annexation and a presentation of the form of government desired. In this sub-division the Federal party concludes that from the mass of data collected it is the intention of the Philippines and the Americans "that they should never be separated."

The memorial announces as principles for this union the formation of "a more perfect union, establishment of justice, the insurance of domestic tranquility, promotion of the general welfare and the securing of the blessings of liberty."

"To make of the Philippines colony of the United States, or to grant independence to the Philippines, would be to hand the islands over to disorder and to anarchy, to destruction and to chaos. In effect the colonial system involves the principles of difference of citizenship, inequality of rights and other consequent abuses and injustices, of all which the Philippines were afflicted under the Spanish government, and for this reason we reject everything which tends towards a colony."

Philippine independence, with a withdrawal of a protectorate, means a holding of power by all the terrible elements of the society which predominate, and would predominate still for some years, until the anger of Filipinos toward Filipinos shall have been completely cooled, education become general and the fanaticism we have inherited from Spain extinguished. Federation or annexation would settle all these difficulties by concentrating the interest of the Filipino people upon education and labor."

The memorialists then "prayed a declaration by the congress of the United States to the effect that the Philippine Islands as they are described in the treaty of Paris, and the subsequent convention with Spain, are an integral part of the United States, the said Philippine Islands constituting a territory with the rights and privileges which the constitution of the United States grants to the other territories."

A preliminary form of government similar to that of the territories of the United States is outlined as suitable for the Philippines.

The second part of the memorial sets forth the aspirations of a social and economical character, the principal of which the memorial represents to be the securing of a remedy of the "ancient evil known as the friar." Under this designation the memorial includes all the religious orders now existing in the islands. The memorial says of the latter that "they constitute an element which are visibly opposed to the Philippine people securing the noble ends guaranteed by the constitution of the United States."

Complete and general amnesty to the Philippine people is asked. In the peaceful portions of the islands, the memorial says, there are thousands of persecutions brought against the revolutionists who have surrendered to American sovereignty for acts of violence committed while they were in the field and prior to their surrender.

In this connection the memorial asserts that there are many revolutionists who have thus submitted who have been deported or who are undergoing sentences while their families suffer the greatest sorrow and want. This condition of affairs the memorialists consider a great obstacle to complete pacification.

Other requests made are for a satisfactory monetary system and for the approval of the acts of the American Philippine commission.

Questioned Infallibility of Bible

Chicago, Feb. 13.—Professor Charles W. Peterson, whose recent utterances against the infallibility of certain portions of the bible occasioned wide comment in Methodist church circles, yesterday resigned as professor of English literature at Northwestern university.

Princess Decided to Settle

Cape Town, Feb. 13.—Princess Radziwill yesterday paid judgment for \$5750 obtained against her by a money lender on a \$10,000 note said to have been indorsed by Cecil Rhodes, but which he repudiated.

May Move From Peking

Shanghai, Feb. 13.—It is reported here that the Yang Tsa viceroys are going to Peking to discuss a proposal for removing the capital of the empire either to Hsiao Yang Pu or Nan-king.

UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL

Hohenzollern Reaches New York a Day Ahead of Scheduled Time

New York, Feb. 13.—The Imperial German yacht Hohenzollern, sent here for the use of Prince Henry of Prussia during his forthcoming visit, arrived yesterday from Kiel. She was not expected, for she came by the southern circle, and it was calculated that the run would take at least one day more than it did. It had also been thought that she would touch at Bermuda, and that place had reported her as two days overdue. The weather she encountered was unfavorable for a call at Bermuda and at sea Admiral Von Baudissin shaped his course for New York.

The yacht hove in sight off Sandy Hook a few minutes before noon, and an hour later was in quarantine. She got the courtesy of the port from federal officials and came on through the narrows and up into North river without delay. Passing craft gave her a noisy welcome with their whistles and the man-at-arms backstaff was kept busy dipping her big naval flag. She stood high out of water and looked impressive beyond her real size. She was painted white all over, save for a great black eagle at her figure head, some touches of gold astern, and a long streak of red that showed below her waterline. She has a ram-bow and in general type resembles a modern man of war.

At 4 o'clock she hove her anchors and, guided by two tugs, was carefully warped into the North German Lloyd pier at Hoboken.

Admiral Von Baudissin was formally welcomed to New York by a civic committee, a representative of Mayor Low and an officer of the United States navy.

The officers of the Hohenzollern said it would be impossible for them to accept formal entertainments until the arrival of the prince, of whose suite they are members. They can and will do so in their own private and individual capacities.

Health Officers Must Go

St. Louis, Feb. 13.—Dr. Amund Ravold, consulting city bacteriologist, and Henry R. Taylor, janitor in the chemical and bacteriological division of the board of health, will be requested by Commissioner of Health Starbuck to sever their connection with the health department. The recommendation of the board of health that they be dismissed by the health commissioner is a result of the investigation inaugurated by Mayor Wells for the purpose of determining responsibility for the distribution of toxic anti-diphtheria serum, which caused the death of 13 children from tetanus last fall.

They Fought to Kill

Middlesboro, Ky., Feb. 13.—One of the fiercest battles ever fought in the Cumberland mountains occurred yesterday at Lee Turner's "blat tiger" saloon, four miles from here. The battle was between Turner's mountaineers, 20 in number, and 15 or more citizens who were sworn in as a posse to arrest Lee Turner. One of the officers was killed and another fatally wounded. Turner's saloon was burned to the ground by the officers and five of his men perished in the flames.

Problem Proves Knotty

Vienna, Feb. 13.—The industrial council resolved yesterday to postpone arriving at a decision on the reports of the various committees appointed by the minister of commerce to consider the best means of meeting American competition, until European commercial politics crystallize sufficiently to indicate the most effective method for meeting American competition. The general impression prevails here that the efforts of the industrial council have resulted in failure.

Burned While Parents Were Absent

New York, Feb. 13.—Three children of a family named Warendorff, Edward, aged 3; Arnold, aged 9; and Elizabeth, aged 13, were burned in their parents' home last night. They had been left alone while the parents went to church. Eddie upset a lamp, and before assistance came he was burned to death. The other two children escaped with slight injuries.

Steamer Struck Schooner

St. John, Feb. 13.—As the steamer Prince Rupert was leaving the harbor yesterday she struck the fishing schooner Princess Louise, dismasted her and cut away the starboard bow. Captain Ingalls and Lloyd Zuricker comprised the crew of the Princess Louise. Captain Ingalls was never seen after the Rupert struck his schooner. Zuricker was rescued by two men from Partridge Island in a small boat.

Wife and Daughters Gone

Malden, Mass., Feb. 13.—Alpha T. Dunn reported to the police yesterday that his wife, Mrs. Ida L. Dunn, and his two daughters, Lulu May, 16 years, and Laura Evelyn, 14, were missing from home and asked the assistance of the police in locating them. They went away some three weeks ago and nothing has been heard from them since.

New York Gets Washburn

New York, Feb. 13.—"Lige" Washburn of Brown university signed a contract yesterday to pitch for the New York club for the coming season. Washburn is considered to be one of the best college pitchers in the country.

In the swim.

"There," said Mrs. Cumrox, "I guess we have at last eclipsed the Van Flams as entertainers. We are going to have it put in the papers that our recent entertainment cost \$40,000."

"But the Van Flams claim that theirs cost sixty thousand."

"Yes, but an affidavit will go with our figures."—Washington Star.

MARKED IMPROVEMENT

In the Condition of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr

CRISIS IS EXPECTED TODAY

President So Confident That His Son Will Pass Through It That He Has Begun Preparations to Leave For Washington—Cheering Bulletin

Groton, Mass., Feb. 13.—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.'s physicians believe that their patient's vitality will be sufficient for him to meet and pass successfully the crisis in his disease, which is looked for sometime today, and by tomorrow morning he will be practically out of danger. Last night he was considered to be better than on Tuesday. This report, which was given out by Mr. Cortelyou at 9 o'clock, was the last of the four issued during the day, none of which was of a discouraging or unfavorable nature.

The first came early in the morning and stated that the night had been a good one, and this was confirmed later, after the morning examinations by the physicians, and in addition it was said that should the favorable conditions continue for 48 hours, the danger would be past. Again, at 3 o'clock, word came that the status of the case was unchanged, but that the conditions continued favorable. At that time, however, no mention was made as to whether the crisis had been passed or was near. But last night, after the night examination by the doctors, Secretary Cortelyou frankly said that the crisis in the right lung, that in the left having been passed, would probably be reached before tonight.

So confident are the president and his wife that their son will pass through this crisis in good shape that the president is already making some slight preparations to leave for Washington, and it looks as if he might start sometime tomorrow. Everyone at the Gardner house last night seemed cheerful, while Mrs. Roosevelt, cheered and comforted by a short but impressive service in the chapel, went to her nightly watch in the infirmary in good spirits.

The 9 o'clock report of the boy's condition was the most important one of the day. Mr. Cortelyou said in addition to what has been already stated, that the left lung had cleared considerably during the day, that the boy's temperature, respiration and pulse had shown but little variation. Everything during the day had gone on well. The clearing up of the left lung is a favorable sign, in that it will enable the boy to meet the crisis in the right lung better.

In speaking of other things besides the boy's condition, Mr. Cortelyou said that no change had been made in the program for Prince Henry's visit; in fact, invitations to the dinner were going out at Washington. The president will not give up his trip to Charleston, but will go there after Prince Henry leaves.

The call of Dr. Parkhurst, the New York divine, was unexpected, and cheered both President and Mrs. Roosevelt. After the clergyman left, the president spent nearly two hours transacting official business with Secretary Cortelyou and his stenographer.

As twilight stole over the campus, the windows in the temple erected by Mr. Gardner lightened up for the usual Ash Wednesday evening service. Nearly a score assembled within the beautiful edifice about 6 o'clock, and in this number was Mrs. Roosevelt. This service formed a beautiful close for an eventful day, and gradually the lights in the crescent of buildings surrounding the campus went out, and by 11 o'clock everything seemed to have sunk into rest, save for the nurses in the sickroom, the watchman in the yard below and a couple of newspaper men outside on the frozen road.

Crocodile Sympathy

Washington, Feb. 13.—The state department has received, through Minister Wu, what pur

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD,

MANAGER.

Thursday Evening, Feb. 13th Sunday Evening, Feb. 16th.

One Unending Laugh



**BROWN'S
IN
TOWN.**

Bubbling Over With Bright
Music, Catchy Songs,
Pretty Dances.

PRICES — 35c, 50c and 75c.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office,
Tuesday morning, Feb. 11th.

Monday Evening, Feb. 17th.

**AMELIA BINGHAM
PRESENTS COMPANY**

In a New and Original Modern Play,
in Four Acts,

"THE CLIMBERS"

BY CLYDE FITCH.

Exactly as Presented for Over 200
Nights at the Bijou Theatre, N. Y.

The Whittiest Play of the Day.

Same Perfect New York Presentation.

PRICES:

35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office,
Friday morning, Feb. 14th.

Don't "Show Off" Your Baby.

A baby's brain is naturally active, for everything is new and strange to the little mind; therefore do not allow the child to get excited. Few realize how often baby's brain is fatigued needlessly. Callers come to "see the new baby." The little one is undressed and hurriedly clothed again in its best skirts and frilled and ruffled dress. Then he is taken down stairs and handed about from one to the other, to be duly admired and tossed and trotted and talked to and hugged and kissed. Now, this is all tiring to the baby and is very conducive to nervousness. Keep him as quiet as possible, giving plenty of fresh air, but do not permit this indiscriminate petting and "mauling" even at the risk of giving offense to admiring relatives. —Woman's Home Companion.

Long Skirts Graceful, if Deadly.

Lord Hopetoun has a reputation for wisdom, but he will lose it if he goes on as he is doing. Fancy any one appealing to ladies to wear short dresses on the ground that they are "sanitary." The very word scares a pretty woman at once. A friend of ours talked to a very pretty and very clever woman the other day on this very point.

"Long dresses," he said, "usurp the function of the crossing sweeper. They!"

"Yes, yes, I know," she replied, "but you must admit they're so graceful."

And he had to go. That's just it. —London Times.

Gondolas in Venice.

All the transportation in Venice is done by gondolas, big and little. The freighting and delivery service is carried on by means of barges built on the same lines as the gondolas, and merchants either send the goods of their customers home that way or in palanquins upon the backs of men.

HER GIANT FOLDING BED

By C. B. LOOMIS

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Loomis

It was against Mr. Bentley's advice that Cora bought the giant folding bed.

They lived on the sixth floor in a small "five-rooms-and-a-bath-steam-heated-all-improvements" flat, and he said that such a huge folding bed was out of all proportion to the size of the bedroom.

But Mrs. Bentley had set her heart on it, and Mr. Bentley has not been husband so long as to feel like thwarting any legitimate wish.

When she went down to the store, she found she was just in time to get one at half price. What luck! She had expected to pay \$35 for the bed, and she got it at \$25, although by what process of arithmetic twenty-five becomes the half of thirty-five she did not stop to inquire.

But with the reduced price of the bed her good luck ended, and she entered upon a chapter of annoyances that would have made the bed dear as a gratuity.

The bed people were just moving out and were too busy to send the bed home. Five separate expressmen refused to stir their wagons when they learned that it was a giant. She began to wish that it was a trundle bed. But at last an expressman who was just starting in business and who was therefore inexperienced contracted for \$2 to deliver it.

She reflected that the salesman had told her that it was a very convenient size, as one side of the room did not need to be papered when the bed was up, for it took up the entire wall space.

So she went and waited for the bed with all the ardor of a small child. Every time the dumb waiter blew she ran out to see if they were trying to send it up that way, but when it finally arrived after a wait of four hours it came in at the front door.

After ten minutes or so Mrs. Bentley heard maddening footsteps on the stairs, the swish of tearing wall paper, the crash of falling globes, and she knew that they were bringing the bed up stairs. So did all the other flat waiters. When she looked over the banister, there were from three to four heads beneath her, all looking down.

The arrival at different landings was unattended by the crash of glass and the fall of plaster. And on the third floor the bed fell on one of the men. Luckily he was a fat German, and he seemed with a barked skin and a misaligned temper.

Long before that there was a string of loose retarding heads of families separated from their little ones by the Chinese wall of a bed. Those who were athletic enough climbed over and escaped to their apartments, but the rest had to content themselves with hooting kisses to their beloved ones and telling them not to despair.

Mrs. Bentley had not hitherto known there were so many people living in the house. The stairs were black with them, and the bed moved with the deliberation of a glacier.

When the men reached the fourth floor, they clamored for beer, and Mrs. Bentley, being inexperienced, sent for two bottles, which were brought in by the janitor's aid.

The two men sat down, or, rather, up, way up, on the bed and opened a bottle apiece amid groans from the belated flat dwellers who lived above the third. It is probable that they had already soiled themselves with beer, for they became very merry and loquacious after the bottles had been emptied, and many of their jokes would not have been allowed at a variety theater.

There is a saying that there is always room at the top. This did not prove to be the case in regard to the giant bed. The hallway at the top flat was a joint affair, two suits opening on it, and it was the narrowest in the building. When the men finally arrived with their tremendous load, they found that it was going to be a Chinese puzzle to get into Mrs. Bentley's. They shattered the last globe and then sat down on the stairs to ponder.

They finally came to the conclusion that they could not get it in unless the door of the opposite apartment were opened to admit of its being slewed around.

Mrs. Cochran was the opposite neighbor. She and Mrs. Bentley had been as distant as such contiguous flat dwellers could be. Their bows in the hall were as icy as the hall itself. Mrs. Cochran thought Mrs. Bentley a foolish little new wife, and Mrs. Bentley thought Mrs. Cochran common.

Still, there was nothing for it but to ask Mrs. Cochran to open her front door and let the man swing the bed into the doorway for just one moment.

The fat man rang her bell. She opened the door, with fire in her eyes. She had been trying to get the youngest to sleep, and the constant thumping and crashing and the obnoxious and merry laughter of the expressmen had rolled the not too placid waters of her disposition to a foaming point.

Mrs. Cochran glowered.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bentley, with a hastily made veneer of sweetness. "May the men just swing the bed into your hallway so that they can get it into my doorway? I didn't suppose it was so big. I don't think it was so big in the store."

Mrs. Cochran sniffed at the inanity of the remark, but she said:

"Oh, I suppose I can't refuse. I hope you'll quit your thumping after you get it in. I can't get my child to sleep while it's going on."

"I'm sure it will only be a minute. You see, the worst is over."

"I should hope so," said Mrs. Cochran, looking at the dents in the wall and the broken globes. And then the two expressmen put their shoulders to the bed and swung it into the doorway with such vehemence that it stuck like a fat cork in a small bottle and refused to budge.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things," said Mrs. Cochran from behind the bed. "How do you suppose we're going to close our front door with that great bed in the way?"

"You won't need to close it. No one will come in while der bet is here. It is better as a door." And the German laughed uproariously and fatly.

"Oh, but this is too awful!" said Mrs. Bentley, wringing her hands helplessly.

"I should think it was," came the voice of Mrs. Cochran from the other side of the bed.

"Is your husband in there? Can't he help push?" suggested Mrs. Bentley.

"No," snapped Mrs. Cochran. "He hasn't come home yet, and, what's more, he can't until this barricade is removed. How anybody but a fool could have bought such a monstrous thing I don't see!"

At this juncture Mr. Cochran came up stairs, with Mr. Bentley just behind him. Mr. Cochran looked puzzled. Mr. Bentley groaned. He had come home too soon.

"What are you doing to the bed?" asked Mr. Cochran.

"We ain't doing a thing to it," said the fat German jealously.

Bentley and Cochran laughed, but Mrs. Bentley saw no humor in the remark, and certainly Mrs. Cochran saw no (many) side to the bed. Both sides seemed tragic to her.

"Is that you, George?" she called out.

"Yes, it's me. Shall I come in?"

"You can't except by the fire escape," said Mrs. Cochran despairingly.

"What are you doing with it in the wrong door?" asked Mr. Bentley of the expressmen.

"Sure, 'twould have shook as fast in 'any dure,'" said the Irish expressman, and the German roared sympathetically.

"Mr. Cochran is a man of action. 'Here, we four men ought to be able to move a little be-a bed. Now, alto gether, pull!'"

Mr. Cochran is a successful politician, but he had the wrong kind of pull with him, and the only result of the effort was that Mr. Bentley pulled off some of the molding and fell on his back.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Cochran said, "Let's go around by way of the fire escape and push."

The two expressmen and Mr. Cochran made nothing of passing from Mrs. Bentley's parlor to Mrs. Cochran's parlor by the fire escape, but Mr. Bentley is light headed and had to be helped across by his wife. Then the two entered the Cochran apartments for the first time, like thieves in the night.

Now all six combined their strength and pushed, but the bed only laughed at them.

"Well, nothing more can be done now," said Cochran. "The bed is here, and it's got to stay here for the present. Now, you men might as well go about your business. You've done what you set out to do—the bed is up here fast enough."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Bentley of the German.

"Two dollars. I'll sent around a carpenter if you want."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Bentley. "He'll be able to move it."

Back across the fire escape was Mr. Bentley helped by his faithful wife, and then they bade the Cochrans good night. It was such an impossible thing that had happened that everybody felt good natured once more, just as in a blizzard or a period of excessive heat people make light of their misfortunes and passively like one another.

Next morning immediately after breakfast Mrs. Bentley went down to the bed company to see whether they could suggest a way of getting the bed out of Mrs. Cochran's doorway.

They had moved, and a big sign in the window bore the legend, "To Be Opened in a Few Days as a Ladies' Dressing Room."

For the space of two days that bed stood in the doorway while carpenter after carpenter came and looked at it and shook his head and went away.

Then came one who said: "I've seen these beds before. They ain't worth bothering with. The company's failed that made them. Now, next door to my shop is a vacant lot, and if I cut the bed to pieces I guess you can dump it there and the owner of the lot won't mind."

Mrs. Bentley halted the scheme as a heaven sent proposition. Mr. Bentley was down town, and Mrs. Cochran, who was on the other side chatting with her—in spite of what had come between them they were now quite friendly—seconded the plan.

The carpenter borrowed an ax of the janitor, and in a half hour's time, with the exception of the mirror, which was preserved intact, there was not a square foot of the bed unbroken. The carpenter sent the pieces down on the dumb waiter and then took them away and presumably dumped them.

Mrs. Cochran spent five minutes shutting and opening the door. It was so pleasant to be able to do it again.

Then Mrs. Bentley invited her neighbor into her flat and apologized for making so much trouble.

"It was no trouble at all, my dear. It has made something to talk about."

Now, Mr. Bentley seemed to think that \$25 for the bed, \$2 for delivery and \$10 for damage to the hallways, together with the charge of the carpenter for the time it took him to destroy the bed, was rather a large amount to pay for a subject of conversation. So he isn't saying a word about it.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

A Remarkable Spring.

As a part of the water resources of the country the United States geological survey is studying the wonderful Florida springs and lakes from which most of the rivers of the state have their rise.

Kissengen spring, in Polk county, is one of these. The water has a temperature of 70 degrees F. and is strongly impregnated with sulphur, iron and other ingredients that characterize artesian waters in that region. The spring is evidently a natural artesian well.

The water all comes from one point, gushing up vertically with great force through a circular orifice in the bottom of the basin, and, although the basin is thirty feet deep or more, the force is so great that the water directly over the orifices is considerably higher than the surface of the lake at the banks.

While swimming in this delightful pool it is found to be exceedingly difficult to keep in a position over this spring and impossible to sink in the water at that point. The outflow of the spring, as measured by the hydrographers of the geological survey, was found to be 14,000 gallons each minute.

Duties of a Guest.

A guest's obligation begins with the reception of the invitation. It should be either readily and courteously accepted or promptly and courteously declined.

Nothing is more trying to the patience of the hostess and to the temper of the cook than a belated dinner guest. Perhaps no invitation once accepted should be more strictly kept than this one to dine. A guest should be at the hostess' house five minutes before the hour appointed, and, to use another's expression, "Nothing but death should hinder."

We should go to any function resolved to be entertaining and easily entertained. An appreciative, responsive, animated guest lifts part of the responsibility from a hostess. If our dinner partner bores us, we can pretend to be interested, and thus show our good breeding and compliment both him and our hostess.—Woman's Home Companion.

An Odd Draft.

A pretty anecdote comes from Brussels illustrating the generous spirit of a banker of that city.

The banker is fond of outdoor exercise. As an exhibition of his skill in skating he made his autograph on the ice in a very artistic manner.

Some gentlemen, having admired his signature, proceeded to write above it as follows:

"On demand I promise to pay for the benefit of the poor the sum of 5,000 marks."

They sawed out the block of ice and, having called a cab, proceeded to the bank and carried the frozen note of hand-of-foot, we mean to the cashier's counter.

The cold temperature happily prevented the melting away of the big draft, and the banker, having been appealed to, ordered it to be paid.

An American City in England.

Near Manchester, England, there is rapidly being built a new town that will be the home of some 7,000 workmen. The town is unique for England in that it is being built upon steel American lines. The Westinghouse interests are at the back of the work, for their large electrical plant is located near by, and the inhabitants of the town will be employed in the works. About 1,000 houses have already been erected. The streets are being laid out after the American plan and instead of being named in the English fashion are being numbered consecutively. Both the streets and houses will be lighted by electricity. Americans have the work of building in charge, and the whole enterprise is a marvel to the Britisher.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

A Unique Notice.

The Astell (Kan.) Anchor recently printed the following unique notice.

"We wish to bring to the notice of the friends of A. L. Gilland that his physician has cautioned him against any sudden starts or jerks. It has been the custom many times when greeting the old gentleman to take advantage of his extreme ticklishness. The surgeon says that a man of his nature, after undergoing such a critical surgical operation, would be liable to be badly injured by a sudden start. Therefore his friends should not greet him in the old way by poking their finger in his ribs."

The Home of Mrs. Camp.

Perhaps nothing makes one realize more the extent to which London must have changed during the past thirty or forty years than the disappearance of one after another of Dickens landmarks. Take, for instance, some of the recent demolitions which have been brought about by the county council's scheme for a Strand to Holborn thoroughfare. Only a few weeks ago the writer went to look once again at the barber's shop in Kingsgate street, High Holborn, over which Mrs. Camp was wont to dwell. The whole of Kingsgate street has now disappeared.—Temple Magazine.

Mecca of Southern Negroes.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says that West Virginia is rapidly becoming more and more the Mecca of the negroes of the south. The climate of that state, as a whole, is congenial to this race, and the great coal and coking industries in operation in almost every county, together with the extensive railroad construction being carried on, furnish ready as well as lucrative employment for negro laborers, of whom 15,000 are employed in the mines.

Portsmouth Electric Railway.

Time Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 26, 1901.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head, connecting for Exeter and Newburyport, at *7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at *5:30 a. m., *6:55 a. m. and *10:05 p. m. For Little Boar's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. 1:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at *8:03 a. m., 9:05 and hourly until 9:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at *6:10 a. m., *7:30 a. m. and *10:35 p. m. Leave Little Boar's Head at 9:10 and 10:10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street—Leave Market Square at *6:35 a. m., *7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m. and at *10:35 and *11:05.

Up Islington Street—Leave Market Square at *6:35 a. m., *7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m. and at *10:35 and *11:05. Last car each night runs to car barn only. Running time to Plains, 12 minutes.

Christian Shore Line.

Leave Market Square for B. & M. Station and Christian Shore at *6:25 a. m., *7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at *10:35 and *11:05.

Returning—Leave Corner Bartlett and Morning Streets at *6:10 a. m., *6:50, 7:20 and half-hourly until 9:50 p. m., and at *10:20 and *10:50.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Saturdays only.

W. T. Perkins, Supt.

D. J. Flanders, G. P. & T. A.

CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby give notice that they will be in session at the Common Council chamber at City Hall in said city on the following dates, viz.: January 21st, February 10th, 11th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 25th, 28th, and March 4th, 1902, at the following hours: from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; from 2 to 5 and 7:30 to 9 p. m., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Check Lists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the city election to be held March 11th, 1902.

The said Board will also be in session at the same place on election day, March 11th, 1902, from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 4 p. m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the lists, by presenting themselves at some meeting of the Board.

LORENZO T. BURNHAM, Chairman.

HERBERT B. DOW, Clerk.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000.

OFFICERS.

FRANK JONES, President.

JOHN W. SANBORN, Vice President.

ALFRED P. HOWARD, Secretary.

JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.

JUSTIN V. HANSCOM, Treasurer.

FRANK JONES, JOHN W. SANBORN, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM, ALBERT WALLACE, and E. H. WINCHESTER, Executive Committee.

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JOHN W. SANBORN, Vice President.

BOSTON & MAINE B. P.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement.

(In Effect October 14, 1901.)

Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3:50, 7:30, 8:15, 10:53, a. m., 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p. m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00, a. m., 2:21, 5:00, p. m.

For Portland—9:55, 10:45, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, 8:50, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m., 8:55, p. m.

For Wells Beach—9:55, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For North Conway—9:55, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30 p. m.

For Rochester—9:45, 9:55,

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)

ESTABLISHED SEPT. 21, 1884.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Telephone 21-3.

F. W. HARTFORD,

B. M. TILTON,

Editors and Proprietors.

(Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office as second class mail matter.)

For Portsmouth

and

Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news! Read the Herald

More local news than all other local papers combined. Try it.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1902.

The president is lost in the father

A cold winter is the ally of conflagrations.

When the mercury drops the household's vigilance should rise.

De Wet seems to be the reincarnation of the original Dutchman's foe.

With the "Commoner" as its organ and Ben Tillman as its orator, the Filipino insurrection is in a bad way.

February's Zodiacal sign is an aquatic one. But the first record would seem to indicate a celestial slip.

American dress reformers censure their English sisters who uphold long skirts. Still, this seems better than letting them drag.

A six-course railway dinner in Argentine costs "only two paper dollars." When this amount undergoes the transformation incidental to popular finance it means about 50 cents.

A Greek has left \$2,500,000 "to abolish poverty" in his native land, and at the same time bequeathed \$15,000,000 to his nephews. In the latter case the cure ought to be a sure shot.

Nantucket boasts that its county jail has been without a prisoner for a year. The records, however, do not make it clear whether this was due to Massachusetts morality or to a Puritan "pull" with the police.

"Americind" is the word coined by a Washington ethnologist as a title for the red men of this continent. It is not likely to come into use, but it might serve the purpose of the people who are seeking a new name for our island purchase in Denmark.

Sir Thomas Lipton was not under the necessity of proving himself a great yachtsman anew, but he has done it. In order to test the question whether his defeats have not been due to the sailing of the yachts, as well as to the boats themselves, he has decided to sail his third Shamrock against the Shamrock II, carrying an American crew and skipper. If he can beat both his old boats and an American skipper with his newest boat and a British commander, he will undoubtedly have an excellent title at the cup. Sir Thomas can probably get American sailors to sail the Shamrock II "up to the limit." Some people may ask, perhaps, whether Sir Thomas had not better sail his third Shamrock against the American defender with an American skipper and crew. But he will certainly not do that. It would not be sportsmanlike or Liptonlike, even if it were permitted by the rules of the game.

Indications are not wanting that congress will need more caution than encouragement in its liberality toward plans for public buildings in many cities. While this spirit prevails, it would seem opportune for Mr. Mercer, chairman of the committee on public buildings, to bring forward his measure for a municipal building for the government of the District of Columbia. The offices of that government are now scattered about the city, for the most part in rented buildings. Convenience and economy would both be served by the erection of a suitable municipal structure. But the proposition has been repeatedly defeated, partly through the influence of local real estate interests and partly because of the indifference of congress to a project that would not influence the politics of a district where the franchise is exercised. By all means, the national capital ought to have a proper home for the conduct of its municipal affairs.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Notes and Clippings From the Recent Publications of the Country.

McClure's magazine for February is one of the best all-around numbers. Its editors have got out. The timeliness of the articles, their range of subject and the variety of short stories make it possible to read the number from cover to cover without monotony. Two articles stand out for special notice as among the most opportune and readable magazine articles for the month—"Marconi's Achievement" by Ray Stannard Baker, and "Grover Cleveland" by William Allen White. In each case both the title and the author's name are sufficient

guarantee of good reading on timely subjects. In this number is concluded Stewart Edward White's serial, "The Forest Runner." But notice of Victor Hugo's "The Centenary of Victor Hugo" should not be dismissed without mention of the story of child life, "Ardelia in Arcady," by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, who contributed an equally good one to the January number.

Among the things of note in the February magazine number of The Outlook, may be mentioned: A beautifully illustrated article by Mr. George Kennan (now acting as The Outlook's Washington representative) on the proposal for enlarging the White House, with architect plans; an article on Vereschagin by Charles De Kay of the National Arts club, with reproductions of famous paintings; a portrait of President-elect Palma, of Cuba, taken by The Outlook's own photographer; "The Centenary of Victor Hugo," by Kenyon West, with portrait; "The Story of Home Gardens" (illustrated decoratively) which describes an interesting movement in Cleveland; Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years," which deals this month chiefly with the war of 1812; a remarkable photographic portrait of Archbishop Ireland; an article appropriate to Washington's birthday, called "In the Footsteps of Washington," by Charles Hornstreet; together with the usual book reviews, history of the week, and editorial comments on important questions of the day.

The success of Doubleday, Page & Co.'s new magazine, Country Life in America, is marked by an increase in the number of pages and the widening of its scope to include a greater variety of outdoor interests. The demand for the February issue was so large that the number was out of print, in so far as the publishers were concerned, before the first day of February.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are about to publish Clyde Fitch's well known comedy, "Captain Links of the Horse Marines," in a dainty volume, with photographs of scenes of the play in which Miss Ethel Barrymore has scored such a popular success.

The February number of the Patriotic Review is a double one containing four half-hour cuts, one of Naval Constructor Holman, another of Lieut. Frank Newton, U. S. R. C. S., the final chapters of the Jefferson story, an article from the pen of Holman, an illustrated article on "Mary, the Mother of Washington," three strong poems, several pages of matter concerning the various patriotic societies, and other interesting material. Marion H. Brazier & Co., Box 115, Back Bay P. O., Boston, Mass. \$2.00 per year, 20 cents a copy. Double number 25 cents.

Perhaps nothing indicates the difference between our conditions and those of our great grandparents more than the fact incidentally brought out in Strong and Schaler's book, "The Government of the American People," that in 1789 there were only seventy-five postoffices in the whole country.

D. Appleton and company's February announcements include "Kate Bonnet," by Frank R. Stockton; "Scarlet and Hyssop," by E. F. Benson; "The Pagan and Ceremony of the Coronation," by Charles Byrne Pascoe; "Practical Forestry," by Prof. John Clifford; "The Earth's Beginning," by Sir Robert Stewart Ball; "Financial Crisis," by Theodore E. Burton; "Love in its Tenderness," by J. R. Aiken; "Personal Memoirs of Philip Henry Sheridan," by Brig. Gen. Michael V. Sheridan; "A History of the United States Navy," by Edgar S. Maclay; "Harold's Discussions," by J. W. Troeger; "The Adventures of Marco Polo," by Edward Albert; "History of Ancient Greek Literature," by Harold N. Fowler; "A Laboratory and Field Manual of Botany," by Otis W. Caldwell.

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" is the latest issue (No. 149) in the Riverside Literature series, of which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are publishers. Text and notes are taken from the Riverside Shakespeare, edited by Richard Grant White. Additional notes and a chapter of suggestions for special study are furnished by Helen Gray Cone who similarly prepared for school use "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" (Nos. 106 and 116 in the same series). A further equipment which will commend the edition to those interested in amateur dramatics is a practical arrangement of the comedy for the private stage. The book is bound in paper covers, and is listed at 15 cents, net, postpaid.

Sir Charles W. Dilke contributes to The Cosmopolitan for February an article on "The Naval Strength of Nations," which gives not only a most interesting and comprehensive account of the navies of the great powers but also a clear insight into world politics. Few men possess such knowledge as the author's, gained from years of experience in a diplomatic and political career. The article is so broad in scope and straightforward in treatment that it will be read with interest not alone by statesmen but by everyone whose thoughts travel beyond the immediate wants of a single day.

HAS A FASCINATION.

The period of Carina Jordan's new play, The Lily and the Prince, which Mildred Holland will produce in the early spring, was a period of superstition. The coronation of Pope Julius the Second, (1503), was scheduled for November 3rd, but was deferred until November 26th, because the astrologers promised a lucky combination of the stars on that date. Julius the Second will live forever as the patron of Bramante, Raphael and Michael Angelo.

The art department of the Graf club met at the home of Mrs. Grace L. Hoch on Rockland street on Wednesday evening.

Live news in the Herald.



BROWN'S IN TOWN.

Brown's in Town will be the attraction at Music hall this Thursday evening. It has for its story a theme that is entirely new. It is woven around eleven characters, each one of which has a distinct reason for being there. Abel Preston and his son Dick are not of the same opinion concerning the subject of marriage. Abel contends that a man is infinitely better off in a state of single blessedness while his son demonstrates his position by marrying. The action on the part of Dick means dishonor and the situations and complications that

has presented some very effective pictures of New York society with well drawn types of New York people. Throughout the drama he brings comedy and tragedy into close and brilliant contrast. His chief motive concerns itself with the ruin of a Wall street man. The comedy deals with several schemes for social advancement, and uncommonly diverting, and clever comedy it is. The action passes in four acts, three of them interiors which convey the impression of genuine luxury, and one, a pretty exterior representing the Hermitage, a quaint little resort on the Bronx. The actress-manager will present The Climbers here with the same scenic and sartorial appointments as at the Bijou theatre, New York, where it ran for 290 nights. The company of distinguished American players includes Charles Kent, James Carew, Bennett Sturgis, Frederick Peters, George Stevens, Edmund Liston, Charles Master, George Kinard, Joseph Robinson, Harry Wright, Jr., Marguerite St. John, Elizabeth Barry, Marian Berg, Ethel Winthrop, Marion, Giroux, Maud Ream Stover, Lillian Wright, Maizie Oliver.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK.

B. W. Townsend's story, The Daughter of the Tenements, is being dramatized.

The Girl from Maxim's was pro-



Gertrude Millington.

arise from the older Preston are too farcical for explanation. Brown is an assumed name, and there are no less than three women figuring as Mrs. Brown. These complications arise from a call from the elder Preston upon the scene of the son's honeymoon. Humorous attractions are brought about by the son's anxiety to hide his marriage from his father. Its ingenious construction of witty dialogue, together with the swiftness of its action bring many surprises. The music and songs incidental to the farce are all original and do not mar the action of the play. The company includes such capable people as Charles, Fred C. House, Errol Whitney, George Ebner, Gertrude Millington, Helen Young, Fannie Midgley, Monica Lee and others.

THE CLIMBERS, FEB. 17.

Miss Amelia Bingham's production of The Climbers which by reason of its perfection in acting, mounting, and costuming, established her in the

scented in German in New York recently.

Fanny Rice is at Music hall, Boston, next week, in a new vaudeville sketch.

Julia Marlowe will produce her new play, Dolly Madison, some time next spring.

There are now four companies playing Florida in different parts of the United States.

Barney Gilmore is said to have been offered by Joseph Murphy the sole acting rights to the latter's plays to star in them under Mr. Murphy's management.

Quality Street has never been heard in England and it is probable that Maude Adams will produce it in London in the near future.

There is but one pair of tights in the five hundred costumes used in the comic opera, Florida.

Sol Smith Russell, who has been ill for a long time was reported last week to be much improved in health.

J. K. (Fritz) Emmet and Lottie Gil-

front rank of theatrical producers, son are making a big hit in The Out-

post, a play of the diamond fields in South Africa.

Howard Thurston, known in the va-

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retics as the king of cards, is on his way across the Atlantic to play an engagement in this country. He is a nephew of United States Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska, and was educated for the ministry.

PATERSON AS IT WAS.

Fire Stricken City Noted For Its Silk Mills.

Paterson, N. J., which has just been laid waste by a terrific fire, has, according to the last census, about 100,000 inhabitants, but recent growth has probably increased this a couple of thousands. The principal industry is silk-making, which gives it the name of Silk City, says the New York Times. There are about forty mills of sufficient size to be classed as such. Besides these there are many small plants employing from four to twenty persons which work on the various lines of the business. The dyeing is largely done in these small shops. More than half the population depends upon the silk trade.

The Barbour Thread works and the locomotive works are the other two important sources of employment. Only a few months ago the city was threatened with the loss of the Rogers Locomotive works when their former owner suddenly closed them, declaring that he was rich enough. The works, however, were saved to the city and are now running to the limit, as are the works of the American Locomotive company, which are almost as important as the Rogers works.

The city lies on both banks of the Passaic river, which at the west end drops into one of the finest falls in the country. Until the last few years the water pouring over the falls was a sight worth seeing, but the diversion of the river's waters at its head for potable purposes for Newark has diminished the flow. The city contains a large foreign born population. Within the last few years the silk mills have largely filled up with men from southern Europe. Of the old class there is a very strong mixture of Scotch and English.

The city has attained much unpleasant notoriety within the last few years. It was dragged into the assassination of King Humbert of Italy owing to Bresci having lived there. The notorious gang of anarchists which infests a section of the place kept the eyes of the world fastened on the Silk City for months. Several other unwelcome occurrences had the city's name linked to them, and for years the place has been more prominent in the news of the day than cities of many times its size.

In contradistinction to the unpleasant notoriety the city recently attained, it had the recompense of within the last few years bringing out two men of national importance. One was the late Vice President Garret A. Hobart, the other ex-Astorian General and possible future Supreme Court Justice John W. Griggs. Fortunately the monument to be erected by the city to Mr. Hobart is still unplaced. Had it been erected it would have been in the path of the fire.

MANY TONGUED FILIPINOS.

Dr. Rumbold Says That Five Hundred Languages Are Spoken.

Dr. Frank Rumbold, late captain of the Thirty-second infantry, United States volunteers, who is just home from the Philippines after serving two years in the campaign against the insurgents, lectured before the Tuesday Evening club at Webster Groves at one of its recent meetings, giving the members an interesting account of some of his experiences, says the St. Louis Republic.

The Filipinos are a people, he says, of many languages. No less than 500 different dialects are spoken on the islands, and Americans have found it quite impossible to master their speech. The officers of the American army have adopted instead a plan of talking English to the natives, thus forcing them to learn it.

Dr. Rumbold believes only education will redeem the people of this faroff country and that it will take three generations to accomplish any great reform. The lecturer spoke highly of the Filipino woman, saying that she was more independent than men. She conducts the store while her husband does the housework and looks after the children. He says that the American women exercise a great influence over the natives of their sex, as they try to imitate in manner and dress all that their American sisters do.

The doctor has a large collection of Filipino implements of warfare, which were displayed for the entertainment of the members of the club and proved very interesting.

Witch Hazel.

Witch hazel is a large and curious forest shrub. The small branches were formerly used for "divining rods," and an extract from it is valued in medical practice.

An Odd Animal.

No horned tortoise now exists, but a fossil specimen was found awhile ago on Lord Howe's island, in the southern Pacific, which had four horns on its crest and resembled a cross between a horned toad and a snapping turtle.

Lapland Goldfields.

The goldfields in Swedish Lapland are situated north of the polar circle, near the frontier of Finland.

Sedan Chairs.

Sedan chairs were first used in England by the Duke of Buckingham during the reign of James I. The first chair aroused much indignation among the people, who said that men were being used to do the work of beasts, but later on they became very fashionable.

In Praise of Ping Pong.

Who cares to play at cricket?

To suffer hacks at hockey

Or chance a nasty fall?

Far better don your slippers,

Enjoy your cigarette,

Play ping pong in the parlor

Across a little net.

In cycling there are tumbles

And puncturable tires.

And if you hunt, perhaps you come

A cropper on the wires.

In rowing there are blisters

That possibly may chafe.

But ping pong in the parlor

Is absolutely safe.

The river has its dangers:

The picnic has its smores;

The motor car may run away

Or butt you unawares.

It is a consolation

No parent will deny

That ping pong in the parlor

Would never hurt a fly.

Our prowess in athletics

May pass to other lands

And later generations see

Our cups in foreign hands.

Yet still the night of England

Shall everywhere be known;

At ping pong in the parlor

Our sons shall hold their own.

Then twirl your tiny rackets

And pat your celluloid;

TOLD IN JERICHO.

WIDOW HARRIS' HOG GETS LOOSE AND CAUSES LIVELY DISCUSSION.

The Village Postmaster Tells the Trouble It Brought About and How It Found Its Way Into the Pound and Later Starved to Death.

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

ABOUT all that Sam Harris left his widow when he died were a house and lot and a hog. It was a hog he had in the pen and was going to turn into pork that fall, but during the widow's grief the hog got out and ran at large, and for the next year he was rooting around the streets of the village. It was against the ordinance for live stock to run at large, but everybody felt sorry for Sam's widow, and the hog was not disturbed. It was only when Josiah Flint was made village marshal that the old black porker was driven off to the pound one day. There were folks that said it was right and folks that said it was wrong, and there was so much feeling about it that after two or three days a public meeting was called. There was a big turnout, and the first speaker was Squire Plathush. The squire always starts every one of his speeches with the landing of the pilgrims and gradually works down. It was so in this case, and he worked up hogs and pilgrims in pretty good shape. He was for the law. He was sorry for the widow and sorry for the hog, but law was law. If the Widow Harris' black hog could run at large, then the same privilege must be granted a wid-



THE OLD BLACK PORKER WAS DRIVEN OFF TO THE POUND.

ower's cow. He had no personal feeling in the matter at all, although he had stumbled over that hog on a dozen different dark nights, but he must range himself on the side of the law. Abraham Fuller came next. Abe had an undivided Fourth of July address that he had been holding on to for several years, and he had determined to ring it in on this occasion. He began with the battle of Lexington, and he got clear down to Benedict Arnold before he brought in the hog. From that time until the colonies won their independence, liberty and the Widow Harris, the American eagle and that black hog were sandwiched in to make a powerful speech of it, and when he closed it was amid applause. Had a vote been taken then the hog would have been released, but there was a delay of two or three minutes, and it was fatal. Moses Taylor got his feet under him and rose up and began on that speech of his about the rise and fall of the Roman empire. He had got it off a dozen times before, and it had always weighed a ton. Moses was the only man in Jericho who was way up on the Roman empire, and he knew it and made the most of it. In eleven minutes he created and destroyed the empire and knocked out the widow's hog, and his oratorical effort was decided to be equal to anything of Clay's.

Philetus Schemerhorn was next to plead for the hog. He said he didn't want to mix hogs and widows up together, but on this occasion it was difficult to separate them. On the one hand we had a widow sitting by her desolate hearthstone and weeping over the loss of a porker and on the other hand a porker in the village pound grunting and walling over its lost liberty. He went back 6,000 years to prove that widows had always been objects of public sympathy and had been given more latitude than other folks, and he took the early history of Egypt to prove that hogs had been allowed to run at large without protestation. The carriages of queens and empresses had turned aside for hogs lying in the roads, and kings and emperors had stumbled over them as they lay stretched out on the sidewalks. It was a telling speech, and public opinion wavered again.

Ebenezer Schoolcraft had ranged himself with the antihog-and-widow party. He had resurrected a political speech he made when General Grant was a candidate for a second term, and when Philetus sat down Ebenezer rose up. Everybody was wondering how he could swing the hog into the speech, but he did it as handsome as you please and made it tell. It was over half hog, and had there been a campaign on it would have elected a whole county ticket. When he had concluded and sat down with a broken suspender, there was a general feeling that the widow's hog would never emerge from the public pound until the fees had been paid in cash.

It was then that the probogs put forth their last card. They had got hold of a barbed wire fence man who could talk the top off a liberty pole, and he rose up with his ears working. His speech was a happy combination of Napoleon, Washington, Judas Iscariot, American independence, the Missouri compromise and the widow's hog, and he didn't give anybody time to rest. He was as gentle as a baby and as savage as a mousetrap by turns, and some of his thunderbolts made the singles rattle. He was being paid \$5 in cash for his speech, and he wanted

to introduce his brand of barbed wire into our community, and his shirt collar was wilted in the first four minutes. A windmill man or a sewing machine agent wouldn't have had one show in a thousand against him. Every time he jumped two feet high and came down to bang on the desk with both fists at once he lifted two-thirds of the audience off the benches, and when he sunk his voice to a whisper and softly waved his arms about he melted hearts. There were ten men shedding tears and feeling for that hog when the man sat down, and for two or three minutes everybody chewed tobacco and kept his feet still. A vote was about to be taken as to whether the hog should be turned loose and permitted the freedom of the town during the rest of his life or held for the fees and turned into the pork barrel when Lish Billings came sauntering in. Lish is always a little late at public meetings, but his opinion goes a good way.

"We'd like to hear from Mr. Billings on this case," says the chairman.

"What's the discussion?" asks Lish.

"It's about the Widow Harris' hog."

"What's he done?"

"The village marshal has got him in the pound. Being he's a widow's hog, there's some as wants to let him out free of fees."

"I move we do," yells one.

"I move we don't," yells another.

"As to the Widder Harris," says Lish when order was restored, "she's a mighty nice woman. She'd have had that hog in the pork barrel long ago if she hadn't been too busy makin' rag carpets. As to the hog himself—"

"What's your idea?" asked the chairman as Lish paused.

"I ain't got none. While you have been arguin' the latter he's starved to death in the pound, and if there's any more talk here it had better be about savin' his bristles."

M. QUAD.

WARMING UP A COLD HORSE.

How the Farmer Got a Fast Gait Out of His Old Nag.

"I picked up something new in natural philosophy the other day," said the commission man who had been out among his farmer customers. "I was hanging about a village when I noticed a farmer's horse shivering with the cold as he was tied to a post. I was feeling to pity the animal when the owner came out and heaped snow on its back."

"Why in the name of common sense do you do that?" I asked.

"If you were real cold, what would you do?" he queried in reply.

"I'd take a run and warm up," I replied.

"It's the same way with a horse. It's a drive of six miles home, and I want to make it in twenty minutes. This old nag will dig in for the first three miles to warm up, and after that the whip will keep him going. He's ready to start now, and you watch my snake."

"It was a complete success," continued the commission man. "The old horse was shivering from nose to tail as he started, and he was so anxious to warm up that he threw a cloud of snow ten feet high and knocked two men down as he started. His gait was eighteen miles an hour as he set off, and I'm sure the driver made his six miles in twenty minutes if his old sled held out."

M. QUAD.

Quite Right.

"Isn't it funny that they call this a plum pudding?" said the first man at lunch, "when there isn't a plum in it at all?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other.

"Webster defines a plum as a little lump or weight of lead."

"—Philadelphia Press.

More Than Love.

"Whew! The temperature's pretty low this morning."

"Low! It's positively vulgar."

—Philadelphia Press.

Must Know So Much.

Patience—Really half the time he doesn't know which end he's standing on.

Patrice—Oh, nonsense! His feet certainly can't seem as light as his head.

—Yonkers Statesman.

Willing to Concede It.

"Don't you think she has a queenly figure?"

"I never saw a queen, but if they weigh 200 pounds and have double chins I guess she has."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good News For Husbands.

[Housekeeping is better exercise than golf, tennis or bicycling.—Exchange.]

Come in off the links, put your clubs on the hook.

Let your racket rest back of the door; Now, wives, for your health say you learn how to cook.

To sweep and to polish the floor. Just pass up the tennis, the baby to mind.

Or on bright days the windows to clean; It's great for the health, so the scientists find.

The health of the husbands they mean.

Forget the nine holes, the strokes and the clubs.

And take the advice of men wiser; A match game each week can be played on the tubs.

And the stove is a great exerciser. For building a figure there's naught like a broom.

Every muscle is called into play, And a wife can grow strong in her own little room.

At least so the scientists say.

—Detroit Free Press.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Justice Gray Not a Bird.

No one who sees Justice Gray of the United States supreme court sitting solemnly upon the bench or walking with grave and dignified mien up Pennsylvania avenue after the court has adjourned would believe that he is susceptible to humor. In fact, throughout his long service on the bench only one instance is recorded where he deigned to exhibit a jocular mood.

It was the day when Judson L. Harmon, then attorney general, was making an argument before the court. He had occasion to display a map showing the locality in which the land in dispute was situated and held it up for the inspection of the court. It was a very small map and difficult to see from the bench. Mr. Harmon referred to it as "a birdseye view."

Justice Gray squinted his eyes in the effort to discern the map. "Mr. Attorney General," he said in despair, "I regret to tell you that I am not a bird."

And then the justice, chuckling over the outburst of humor, sank back in his seat and watched the attorney general fold up the tiny map.

No Choice.

Representative Cannon began his political career by running for the position of state's attorney in his town. His opponent was another young lawyer who, like Cannon, had not made much headway in the practice of law, but both candidates went upon the stump and promised to do great things if elected.

One day, as the rival candidates went down the street together, they were joined by the judge of the court. He stepped in between them, taking each young man by the arm.

"What are you boys making all this fuss about?" he queried.

"We want to be state's attorney," they replied in unison.

"Well," said the judge, laughing, "I ought to take some interest in the matter, but I don't. No matter which one of you is elected, there will be no criminals sent to jail."

Wanted to File a Claim.

Into Senator Warren's committee room the other day came a lady well dressed and apparently intelligent.

"This is the committee on claims?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes, madam," replied the clerk.

"I am thinking of going out to Wash-



"THIS IS THE COMMITTEE ON CLAIMS?"

ington or Oregon," remarked the lady, "and I want to file a claim for 160 acres of good land."

The clerk of the committee was compelled to explain to the visitor that she had come to the wrong place and that the claims which congress settled were simply debts against the government.

—Washington Post.

An Ambitious Boy.

President Morgan B. Bulkeley of the Aetna Life Insurance company and ex-governor of Connecticut tells the following story of his son: One day while governor he was in conference with some of his friends when his son came in, and one of the men remarked, "Well, governor, I suppose you expect this youngster to be either president of the United States or president of the Aetna Life Insurance company."

"Which would you rather be, bub," the governor asked, "president of the United States or president of the Aetna?"

After some hesitation the answer came: "I don't want to be either, dad. I want to be a locomotive engineer."

Jail Before Latin.

When the Prince of Wales received his degree of LL. D. from Cambridge, the public orator of the university delivered a lengthy Latin oration, but his royal highness read his reply in English. After the ceremony was over the prince—then the Duke of York—told a friend that he was blessed if he understood a word of what the public orator had said.

"Well," replied the friend, "you knew it was in Latin, of course."

"Latin!" exclaimed the duke. "Good heavens! No wonder I couldn't make it out! I'd rather do six months any time than do Latin."

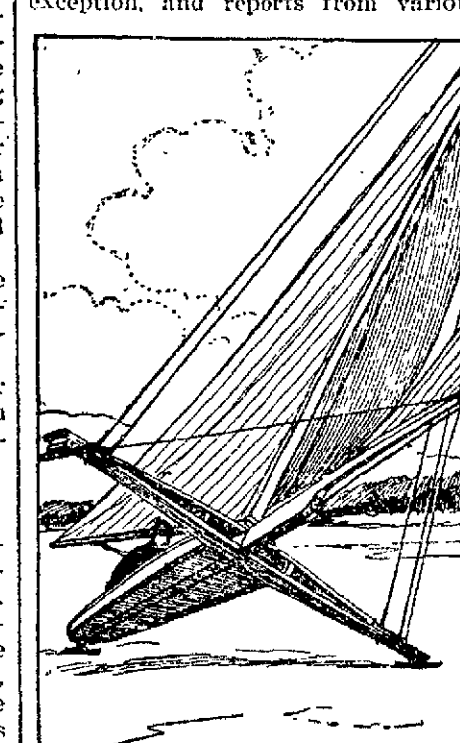
A Story Appropos.

Former Fire Commissioner William C. Bryant, manager of the Brooklyn Times and secretary of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, was the first speaker at a dinner on board the Kronprinz Wilhelm a few days ago. He said he expected to be called upon to speak, but not so early in the proceedings. The occasion recalled to him the epitaph on the monument erected to a twenty-eight-year-old man in Connecticut, which read, "I expected this, but not so soon."

The SPORTING WORLD

Popularity of Iceboating.

The iceboating season is always lashed with delight throughout the country by hundreds of votaries of the superb sport. Owing to an absolute dependence on the temperature for the enjoyment of their favorite pastime iceboaters seldom have an opportunity to fully satisfy their appetites, but this year has proved somewhat of an exception, and reports from various



ICE YACHT GOING FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

centers of the graceful craft are to the effect that continued cold weather has made possible an unusual amount of good yachting.

All the western cities situated near lakes and rivers of sufficient size have clubs devoted to the interests of iceboating, and its patrons are increasing rapidly. The east is not backward in this line either. In and about New York, Boston and Philadelphia there are to be found some of the fastest boats the country has ever produced, and the annual races for the clamppoon ship afford recreation unequalled as a stimulant to curework humanity.

A serviceable iceboat of best quality costs about \$250. The average length of the all around craft is about fifty feet, and they bear 1,000 square feet of canvas. They are very frail craft—one cannot help remembering it when going fifty miles an hour over rough ice—and weigh from 800 to 900 pounds.

Yale-Harvard Athletics.

Yale and Harvard have opened negotiations looking to the establishment of a new agreement in all branches of athletics for a term of several years. The plan for the new agreement is in formal as yet, but the general wishes of each university are known to each other. At Yale there is a universal wish for a renewal of the five year agreement signed by Walter Camp for Yale and Billy Brooks for Harvard in 1897. This will expire March 1, 1902, and it is expected that before that date the new agreement will not only be signed by official representatives from the two universities, but will be heartily ratified at mass meetings of Yale and Harvard students.

During the five years of athletic relations just passed the Cutts case of the last football season has been the only incident which has caused any decided unpleasantness, but it is believed that before another agreement is signed a repetition of the case will be impossible. Harvard opened the negotiations looking toward a new agreement.

The history of Yale-Harvard contests shows that in five years just closed Harvard has excelled in baseball and track athletics. In rowing Yale has excelled her Cambridge rival. The crews met four times, as Yale had her crew at Henley in 1896, the first year of the agreement. Yale has won three of these four races. On the track the record is three victories in five years for Harvard. In baseball Harvard men have made their best showing, having won three of the four annual series with Yale played under the five year agreement. In football the record is most unique. Two of the games played were ties, neither side scoring. Yale won only one of the remaining games, but this was by the largest score of all—29 to 0.

The McGovern-Sullivan Fight.

Terry McGovern and Dave Sullivan will fight before the Southern Athletic club of Louisville instead of before the Yosemite Athletic club of San Francisco. Jim Kennedy withdrew his offer on behalf of the Frisco club because of friction in the matter of securing a license.

Sam Harris, for McGovern, and Tom Sharkey, for Sullivan, at a conference in New York accepted the offer of Tim Hurst on behalf of the Louisville club of 60 per cent of the gross receipts. The date for the bout was fixed for the afternoon of Washington's birthday, Feb. 22.

Terry McGovern and Dave Sullivan were both present when the new arrangements were made, and McGovern is now training at Hempstead, N. Y. As the fight was put off three weeks from the time originally scheduled, Jan. 30, Terry did light work until a few days ago. Sam Harris does not want McGovern to do more than three weeks' hard work. Sullivan is doing his work at Spike Sullivan's, Homecrest, near Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

The American Derby.

The meeting at Washington park, Chicago, will begin Saturday, June 21, and it will be rich in prizes. The club will add \$20,000 to the American Derby and thus make it one of the richest three-year-old races in the world. It takes nerve to do this. The entries closed Jan. 15 with the secretary, James Howard.

FRUIT FLOWERS

IN A ROSE GARDEN.

How to Make and Plant a Fine Rose Bed—Advice For the Amateur.

To make a good rose bed the soil should be trenched at least twenty-four to thirty inches deep. The best method for doing this is to remove the top soil to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches, then break up the subsoil fifteen inches deeper, thoroughly incorporating at least one-third as much good strong manure as soil through the whole. When this is done, return the top soil, adding one-fourth as much manure as soil, thoroughly mixing it in the operation. When complete, this will leave the bed six or eight inches higher than it originally was, but in the course of a few weeks, if done in the very early spring, or in the fall preferably, it will have settled down very considerably by the time the bushes are ready to plant.

When practicable, it is much better to prepare a bed as above during the fall and allow it to lie all winter. This settles it down quite solid by spring. Then all that will be necessary will be to stir the surface over to make it fine enough to cover the roots well at planting time. Another advantage gained by preparing the bed in the fall is that the winter rains and thawing snow will have largely decomposed the manure and impregnated the ammonia from it all through the soil, leaving it in the best possible condition for the roots to commence feeding on it as soon as planted. Thus we have got the preparation all in shape.

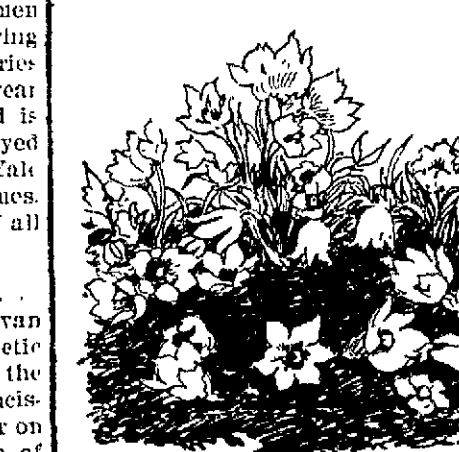
The next thing to consider is the class of roses to plant. If extra large, handsome roses are the desideratum, the hybrid remontant class is the best. Of these the most desirable for the amateur are Paul Neyron, bright rose; General Jacqueminot, deep crimson; Anna le Diesbach, bright rose pink; Chlo. blush; Mrs. John Laing, clear pink; Mme. Gabriel Loutet, silvery pink; Alfred Colomb, bright clear red; Marchioness of Londonderry, white; Mrs. Sherman Crawford, flesh pink; Baron Bonstetten, deep maroon; Margaret Dickson, white, flesh center; Victor Verdier, deep cerise. These twelve are all extra good varieties. Several of them will also bloom in the fall as well as in June.—J. M. May Before New Jersey Horticultural Society.

Black Knot of Plum and Cherry.

The treatment generally recommended is to cut off the knots and burn them, which is a good thing to do if it is done before the winter spores have been distributed. If not, then some additional treatment will be necessary. It is recommended, therefore, that all knots be cut off and burned, and in addition to this, spray the trees with a strong solution of bordeaux mixture during the first warm days of spring. About the time that buds start spray again with the ordinary strength bordeaux mixture. This ought to destroy all of the winter spores. Then, in case the branches may have been already infected the previous year, they should be sprayed again during the latter part of May and the 1st of June. The young knots may be destroyed by painting them with chloromphtholeum or with pure kerosene oil.—J. Troop, Indiana.

Early Native Spring Flower.

One of the most beautiful early native spring flowers of North America is the pasque, or Easter flower, Pulsatilla hirsutissima, perhaps more familiarly known as Anemone nuttalliana. It is a native of the prairies of Illinois and the northwest territory, extending from British Columbia into Nebraska and Texas, inhabiting dry soils. An interesting character of the plant is when the fruiting stage is reached. The silky



THE PASQUE OR EASTER FLOWER.

achenes are developed into long feathery styles recalling very much those of the Virgin's Bower clematis, and indeed the plant itself was at one time recognized as a clematis. The flowers are purple with a bluish tinge and seated in a feathery cup. The plant is devoid of petals, the showy portion consisting of petaloid sepals. The hairy stalk rises three to six inches above the ground, and the richness of the color of the flower is one that is much appreciated at this early season of the year, says American Gardening in illustrating this spring blossom.

A Common Error About Trees.

It is a rather common idea among people not very familiar with plants that the trunks or stems of all plants elongate and that the branches starting from the main stem of a tree five feet from the ground, say, will a year or two later be six or seven above the ground. Meehan states that this is not so. The first year, while the main stem or axis is growing, a small young branch may be carried with the growth, but usually only in the shape of a bud even then. After that the position of the branch is fixed.

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CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Humorous Tales Gathered Here and There.

Reminiscences of the Ready Wit of Senator Green—How He Caught the Know Nothings—The Trouble With General Clark's Head—Governor Stone's First Victory at Law. Wouldn't Buck the General Government—A Juror Excused.

[Copyright, 1902, by Champ Clark.]
Horace Greeley, editor, philosopher, statesman and orator, once said, "Fame is a vapor." Of all sorts of fame political fame is the most evanescent. James G. Blaine says in his book, the greatest book ever written in America, in speaking of James Stephen Green of Missouri:

"No man among his contemporaries [in the senate] had made so profound an impression in so short a time. He was a very strong debater. He had peers but no master in the senate. Mr. Green on the one side and Mr. Tilden on the other were the senators whom Douglas most disliked to meet and who were the best fitted in readiness, in accuracy, in logic, to meet him. Douglas rarely had a debate with either in which he did not lose his temper, and to lose one's temper in debate is generally to lose one's cause. Green had done more than any other man in Missouri to break down the power of Thomas H. Benton as a leader of the Democracy. His arraignment of Benton before the people of Missouri in 1849, when he was but thirty-two years of age, was one of the most aggressive and successful warfares in our political annals. His premature death was a loss to the country."

Caught the Know Nothings.
Notwithstanding Green's splendid genius and the brilliant promise of his youth, he is almost completely forgotten. It is doubtful if the country ever contained a greater stunner than he. The Rev. W. W. McMurray once accompanied him on a speechmaking trip to Shelbyville, Mo. Returning, he said: "The immense audience you had to night reminded me of the crowds that used to turn out to hear Jim Green. In the Know Nothing days Green began a speech in the courthouse in Shelbyville before an audience made up of about half Democrats and half Know Nothings, a fact of which he was fully aware. On rising to speak he stretched his tall form to its extreme height and, looking solemn as an owl, said, 'I take it for granted that there are no Know Nothings here,' whereupon every Know Nothing in the house yelled out: 'You're mistaken! We're all here.' Green replied, 'I am glad to hear it, for, like my Lord and Master, I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.'"

Made a Failure.
Brother McMurray continued as follows: "Once Green and Judge J. J. Lindley, an exceedingly brilliant lawyer, were trying a small case on opposite sides in the court of a justice of the peace. When Green came to make his argument he didn't state the facts of the case to suit Lindley, whereupon the latter said, 'Mr. Green, you should not set up a man of straw.' Thereupon Green shook his long finger at Lindley and said, 'God Almighty tried that in making you thirty-five years ago and made a flat failure of it.'"

Nothing in It.
Brother McMurray gave this sample of his readiness in using wit: "Once when the political situation was at fever heat in Missouri Green was making a speech at Fayette. Old General John B. Clark, then in his prime, was standing up in the audience. He towered like another King Saul, head and shoulders above all the people, and was therefore a very conspicuous object. He had too much sense and knew Green too well to interrupt him, but finally Green laid down some proposition, and the general shook his head in sign of dissent. Green pointed to him and said: 'General, you needn't shake your head. There's nothing in it.'"

Governor Stone's First Lawsuit.
Lawyers are great hands to indulge in reminiscences. Nearly all of them like to tell about their first lawsuit, for usually even the greatest of them began in a very small way. Governor William J. Stone gives the following account of his first lawsuit:

"As I recall it now, my first lawsuit involved the sum of 50 cents. The plaintiff had done certain work for the defendant, for which he rendered a bill of \$4.50. The defendant, considering the charge exorbitant, refused to pay. He was willing to pay \$1.50, and during the negotiations, by way of compromise, he proposed to pay the plaintiff \$2. When this proposition was carried to the plaintiff, he rejected it with scorn and instituted a suit before a justice of the peace. At first neither party had an attorney. Each attended to his own case. They had fifty witnesses subpoenaed between them. The greater number of the witnesses were used to prove the value of the services. The plaintiff won on the jury trial, and the defendant appealed. After the trial I was employed by the plaintiff. By this time the accumulated costs made the case of much greater importance to the parties. The original difference of 50 cents was lost sight of in view of the large bill of costs accrued, now amounting to \$70 or \$80. On the trial we made it appear that no actual tender of any sum had been made to the plaintiff, and so I felt pre-

sure of the costs, no matter what amount the jury gave us. However, the jury returned a verdict for the full amount claimed. The costs in the case exceeded \$100. The controversy of course was absurd to the point of idleness, but it gave me a case, \$15 in money and a world of glory. Thereafter, like Alexander, I was looking for other worlds to conquer."

A Question of Jurisdiction.
For many years the judge of the Marion-Halls-Monroe-Shelby circuit was Hon. Thomas H. Bacon of Hannibal. As applied to him, with only a change of tense, there would be almost literal truth in Fitz-Greene Halleck's famous couplet:

None know him but to love him;
None name him but to praise.

He is "learned in the law," polite as Chesterfield, brave as Richard Plantagenet and guileless as a child. Love of justice is his ruling passion. When barely of age, he set out from home, punning with martial fire, to enlist in the Confederate army. He joined "Pap" Price just in time to fight in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where General Lyon was killed and young Bacon dangerously wounded.

The judge has a quaint manner of speech, sometimes dashed with humor. Once in a case pending before him an application was filed for removal to the United States court. After the lawyers were through arguing and spouting Judge Bacon thus delivered his opinion: "There are some doubts in my mind touching the question of jurisdiction, but several years ago I ran up against the United States government and got my hide full of lead for so doing. I do not care to repeat the performance; consequently I resolve all doubts in favor of the general government and grant the removal of the case."

A Withering Rebuke.

On one occasion Hon. Ben T. Hardin of Kansas City and myself were on opposite sides of a bitterly fought highway robbery case up at Shelbyville. With all due respect to Mr. Hardin, I am willing to give it as my opinion that he can be the most aggravating mortal I ever saw in a courthouse. He is capable, plucky, aggressive, provoking. Great patience has never been ranked among his virtues even by his most sanguine friends. The afore-said case was long drawn out and wearisome beyond my power of description. Every body was in a wretched humor. It degenerated into a fierce slugging match among the lawyers. Hardin and I fell afoul of each other repeatedly. To make matters worse, we were trying the case in a church, when, whose walls we ought to have been on our good behavior, but we were not by a long shot. At last Judge Bacon, who was a great stickler for good order, grew weary with our ceaseless and unseemly wrangling. After an unusually violent altercation between Hardin and myself the judge straightened back in his chair and in the blindest manner said, "I do not undertake to prescribe rules of etiquette for attorneys from outside of this court, but I feel constrained to say that the attorneys of my court do not behave as Messrs. Hardin and Clark are now doing." It was a withering rebuke, more so perhaps by reason of the kind tone in which it was delivered. Hardin and I did not have another row that day.

The Juror Was Excused.

In the Shelby case already mentioned I had appeared among the proposed jurors a son of the Confederate hero General Martin B. Green, deceased. Mr. John H. Green, on inquiry Mr. Green announced that he had already formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Further interrogation disclosed that said opinion was derived from an inspection of the defendant's countenance. Defendant's counsel responded with a volley of objections. The court asked the juror if he had read Lavater. The juror answered that he had. The fact is that Lavater's work has little or no value in physiognomical research, but a certain prestige attends the name of the author. The court ruled that if eleven more jurors of this type could be secured the evidence would be dispensed with but in default of such a panel Mr. Green would be excused.

Brought Him to Terms.

In a divorce case between parties of advanced years it appeared that the couple had started in poverty. In conjunction with his farm the husband, a fugial German, had conducted a pottery which had an elevated site. In her earlier married life the wife, by up and down hill trips, had furnished the water supply. Side by side they fought the wolf away and amassed for the husband a handsome competence. Still the wife's only means of travel depended on casual trips of the farm wagon. Once when the team was hitched the old lady prepared for transportation of herself and some housekeeping products, the sale of which was her sole reliance for pin money. When the old man saw that his good wife intended passage, he ordered the team unhitched and the errand abandoned. The court ruled that this was the equivalent of the most refined piece of marital cruelty ever heard of. Although the old potter strenuously denied making any family jars, his wife was on allied grounds decreed a divorce and half the estate. The result was a compromise and reconciliation.

Judge Bacon is one of the most agreeable and sparkling conversationalists I ever met and indulges freely in bonhomie and humor when among his intimates. I think he was the author of the nearest pun I ever heard. A year or so ago at the Louisiana court of common pleas somebody told Judge Bacon that Judge Bay had eaten two dozen Hambo apples at one sitting. "Well," said Bacon, "that is what I would call an apple-pate judge."

A splendid Missourian is Hon. Thomas H. Bacon, well worth cultivating.

DOOM OF THE MOSQUITO

How It Is Proposed to Rid New Jersey of Its Pest.

BIG APPROPRIATION NEEDED.

Legislature Asked For \$10,000 to Be Expended in Locating and Extirminating the State's Noxious Mosquitoes. Professor John B. Smith Tells of Insect's Natural Depravity.

The introduction in the legislature of a bill appropriating \$10,000 to the New Jersey agricultural experiment station to be expended under the direction of Professor John B. Smith in prosecuting his investigations of the New Jersey mosquito probably sounds the doom of that odious insect. When asked by the New York Herald correspondent at Trenton what he proposed to do with the \$10,000, Professor Smith, who is the entomologist of the New Jersey agricultural experiment station, said:

"There are two points in view—first, the sanitary, second, what may be called the pestiferous. There are many districts in New Jersey where malaria is troublesome. One of my plans is to send out a competent physician to map out all the malarial districts in the state. Following him, I will send a man who will make a physical examination of all those places thus mapped, with the view of ascertaining the breeding places of the malarial mosquitoes. The facts will be immediately reported to the board of health of each locality and afterward will be used in the general report to the state."

"The idea here is to give the local board of health the information they need to stamp out the disease. In a general way, it will be to apply the same principles that have been applied by the American officers in Havana and the British School of Tropical Medicine in Africa. Epidemic malaria can be stamped out entirely, and to make plain how this can be done is one of the objects of this investigation. The most recent investigations have made it certain that malaria depends for its transmission from one individual to another entirely upon mosquitoes of the genus anopheles. This has been demonstrated by the checking of yellow fever in Havana as a consequence of destroying the breeding places of that species of mosquito. In Africa the coast fever has been checked in the same way. In South Orange and some other localities individual communities have spent hundreds of dollars in attempting to abate this nuisance. The success has not been as great as it should have been because of the lack of the very knowledge this investigation is intended to supply."

"The second object includes the ridding of the shore of the salt marsh mosquitoes. These mosquitoes migrate long distances inland and make many districts in the pines uninhabitable where no mosquitoes breed locally. Besides the collectors, civil engineers will be kept in the field all the summer outlining plans for mosquito drainage. That is not a plan to drain the marshes, but to render them unfit as breeding places for the insects. One man will be employed studying the natural enemies of the mosquito, such as fish, frogs, toads, and the like. Especial attention will be given to the small fishes, with the object of introducing into ponds throughout the state those creatures that will naturally feed on mosquito larvae. Some species breed locally throughout the state, and local conditions will be carefully studied, so that directions may be given that may be carried out by individuals and local authorities."

The professor did not enter at this time into a detailed and concrete explanation of the methods that will probably be adopted for the extermination of the mosquito. These will depend very much upon the result of the investigations that are to be prosecuted. Generally speaking, these methods will comprise the introduction of larvicide fishes into mosquito breeding pools, the introduction of the tidal flow into such pools, the use of petroleum, the drainage of mosquito breeding marshes, the grading and leveling of regions that harbor the insect and the removal of the shrubbery and grass that afford them covers.

The economic effects of suppressing this pest in New Jersey can scarcely be estimated. It would mount into the millions and tens of millions. Some idea of the economic importance of the mosquito may be had from the fact that the taxable value of the few miles between Ocean Grove and Long Branch, inclusive, which are practically free from this pest, is larger than the entire hundred miles between Bay head and Cape May. It that hundred miles of shore front of unsurpassed natural attractiveness could be freed from the swarms of mosquitoes that make it almost uninhabitable in summer, its value would be increased twentyfold. By reason of its extensive and lovely sea front, its good roads, its trolley systems and its situation in the very focus of American civilization, New Jersey is destined to become the playground of the Union, and the only obstacle to the realization of this destiny is the mosquito. For the state to hesitate to spend \$10,000 out of a surplus of millions in a promising attempt to remove this obstacle would be idiotic.

Tight Squeeze For a Peewee.
"Only twenty inches of sitting space is to be allotted to each peewee," says a London newspaper, dealing with the preparations for the formal crowning of the king. Twenty inches! And for ladies who have had no training in London local railways! Tut, tut! 'Tis preposterous.

DISPOSSESSED

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Nyneek Tak, the headman of the little village under the shadow of the Chit-too hills of India, had been summoned, and there was a great excitement. He had been in peaceful possession of ten acres of fertile land for the last fifteen years, and for a decade he had ruled over the 200 villagers. Nyneek Tak was a good man and a just man, and oftentimes men journeyed half a hundred miles to ask his advice. His word among his people was law, and the British civil commissioner held no court in the village. There had long been peace and good will when the summons suddenly came. A stranger and a white man had laid claim to Nyneek Tak's acres, and the just man was notified to appear at Neemutch on a certain date and defend his title. When he had mastered the words of the paper, he was in despair, and when he had explained them to his people they cried out in indignation.

Nyneek Tak had no papers to support his claim. He was a squatter. In wandering over the country he had come upon this fertile spot and built him a hut and staked out a modest claim. Others had followed him, and years had passed, and no one had been disturbed. Now, under some act of government, a white man had secured legal rights, and the old man realized that there could be but one result—he and all others would be dispossessed.

"I will go down to Neemutch and appear before the sahib judge," he said to his people, "but when I return it will be to tell you that we must go. Our rights cannot stand against the laws of the Feringees."

On the date specified he appeared in court. It was made plain to him that he had no legal rights. No roof of land on earth was free to man. It must be bought and paid for, whether on the mountain, down in the valley or in the wilds of the jungle. A white man had paid the government gold for this village site, and the villagers to the last man must go elsewhere. Where they should go, where they should find other lands, it did not matter, but in two weeks they must be gone. Nyneek Tak and his people had cleared away acres of jungle and dug two miles of ditches, but they could not expect pay for this. They had lived while they worked, and what more could they ask? The court looked at least for protestations on the part of the old man, but none came. When he saw that any words from him would be wasted, he simply lifted his head and whispered:

"Great is the sahib judge. I will go back to my people and tell them that we must move."

A week later a lieutenant and fifteen men from the garrison of Neemutch were sent over to the village to see that the order of dispossession was carried out. They were Feringees and had no sympathy for the natives. If the villagers packed their belongings and stole quietly away, well and good; if they were inclined to hang on, then the huts would be burned over their heads and the butts of muskets used to club them into submission. The sixteen men went into camp on a grassfield to the north of the village, and the officer called the villagers together that evening and read them the legal notice and haughtily added:

"At noon tomorrow you will go. The law says so, and I say so, and who of you dares dispute?"

"We will go, sahib officer," humbly replied Nyneek Tak as he bowed his head. "We must wander about to starve and become food for the jackals, but that is nothing to the law. At high noon we will go."

That night the women began making up bundles of clothing and the men to gather food for a journey, and there were curses, tears and wailings. Nyneek Tak sat apart by himself and kept his eyes on the ground, and, though often spoken to, he made no reply. It was only when the officer sent down a messenger to say that if the noise in the village did not cease he would begin driving out the people that the old man raised his head and said to the cursing men and weeping women:

"Hush! Be quiet! It is the law. We will go, and we will not lay hand on these men who mock us in our misfortune, but nevertheless we shall be avenged. Seek your beds and leave me alone."

A quarter of an hour later the village was quiet, and Nyneek Tak picked up his bundle of reed and wandered along the edge of the jungle above the soldiers' encampment. As he wandered he played soft and low music, and, though it was heard by the drowsy soldiers, it soothed them. Back and forth for a full hour paced the old man, and he smiled as he heard the rustlings in the dry grass and the close thickets. By and by he returned to the village and his hut. Of all the people only his wife was awake. She looked at him for a long time and then asked:

"Have you been calling the cobras to avenge us?"

"Aye, I have called them," he answered, "and now let us sleep. At noon tomorrow we must go."

When the morning came, the soldiers in the grassfield did not stir. At 8 o'clock they were still in their tents; at 10 not one had appeared; at noon the people wondered.

"It is noon, and we must go," said Nyneek Tak as he lifted up his bundle. He led the way, and the villagers followed him. His steps led past the camp of the soldiers, and as the homeless people looked into the tents they saw only dead men. The cobras had come out of the jungle, twenty, fifty, a hundred, and bitten the Feringees as they slept, struck their poisoned fangs into each and every one.

"It is the law, and we must go," whispered Nyneek Tak, "but we have left something behind to prove that we once dwelt here."

SLEIGHBELL MEMORIES

BY INA TRAVIS

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Amos Shepard dismissed his secretary and walked to the window. The afternoon sun cast a dazzling light on the first snowfall, and above the clang of the cable cars sounded the faint tinkle of sleighbells on the boulevard.

Buttoning his overcoat to the throat, he strode down the mosaic corridor, past the brass cages behind which the bank clerks were casting up the day's accounts, and threw open the door, whose curtains had been tightly drawn. As he stood on the threshold a pleased light came into his shrewd gray eyes. Round the corner, with clink of silver chains and jingle of bells, swept his favorite team of blacks. The present Mrs. Shepard was most considerate of her husband's wishes and tastes. Sleighing was one of the banker's keenest pleasures, and she had remembered the fact.

But as the horses stopped before the bank Mr. Shepard noted the absence of his big English coachman. A tall, square shouldered figure sprang out and tossed back the fur robes, then waved a familiar greeting to the man on the step. It was Reginald.

"Come on, father, for a dash on the speedway! Everybody's out."

"Where is James?" inquired Shepard as he climbed into the cutter.

"At the stables. I thought—we might have the first ride of the season together."

If the elder Shepard had not been so absorbed in studying the set of the new harness, he might have observed in his son's voice an anxious note and in the adjustment of the robes more than ordinary filial solicitude.

Once on the boulevard, beyond business traffic and cable cars, he might also have looked here and there on old brownstone houses whose rentals flowed into the Shepard coffers. When the avenue rose sheer above the water's edge, he might have looked across the stream to his large holdings in the Palisades, from which, it was predicted, the city would eventually draw its water supply.

But he was not thinking of these things. A faraway look came into his eyes, and he paid no heed to his son's occasional comments on passing vehicles until finally Reginald found what comfort he could in his own thoughts.

Amos Shepard sat with his arms folded, studying with unseeing eyes the scenery spreading out before them. Instead of towering cliffs and stately mansions, he saw a stretch of mid-west prairies broken by rail fences and low farmhouses. The blooded trotters were transformed into a patient gray mare drawing a high box sleigh. The robe was a tanned lined buffalo skin, and—But did that water? She was at his side, and with lips stiff, partly from cold and partly from the fear that he was asking more than she could give, he framed the momentous question.

And that thrilling word of three letters which seemed to change his whole life—it carried him away from the old farm to the busy city above the river, where he meant to make a name for himself and wealth for Kitty. It was much harder than he had anticipated. He was almost ready to give up and return to the farm when she wrote that she thought she could help him, and she was such a dainty, fragile Kitty. After she came it was easier. It was Kitty's encouragement and good advice that smoothed out many a business wrinkle, just as her soft hand rubbed away the frowns and the headaches at night.

By and by her hands were less soft, for the work became heavier when the babies arrived. And when, after he had achieved his first little success, came the panic to sweep everything before it Kitty's wise hand planned the foundations for the new work, and Kitty's small economies, enabled by her great love, made the upward climb easier. He could see her now making red flannel mittens for Reggie and the wee checked pinafores she sewed for Kathie under the green shaded lamp.

He drew in his breath quickly. The picture changed to the day when he brought home her first silk dress. How her blue eyes shone when he threw the glistening folds over her shoulders! Later came the sealskin and the diamonds, but nothing that made them half so happy as that first silk dress. And day by day as he prospered he realized that there was something which his wealth could not buy back—the fading health of his quiet, fragile wife.

When it was all over and for one long, weary year Kitty had lain asleep under the graceful marble shaft, a handsome mistress came to the newly furnished mansion on the avenue. Thoughtless people said it was so fortunate all round, for the first Mrs. Shepard was not the sort of woman to preside over such a home or to cultivate the people who would be useful to a rising man like Amos Shepard.

The second Mrs. Shepard was admirably adapted to the position. She knew the schools which would give the children the best social standing. She presided over a dinner table with indescribable grace and tact, and when Shepard was elected to congress it was freely circulated that his wife's diplomacy had been worth more for campaign purposes than his goodly check. Kathie's social debut was set for next week. Already the society papers were singing of her prospects, her gown and her beauty, and she

looked like—his Kitty of the sleigh ride years ago.

"Father, I want to tell you something."

"They were almost home, and the young fellow was getting desperate. Stocks and bonds might be of paramount importance to men of fifty, but when the blood runs riot in the veins of youth life holds other more vital interests."

Mr. Shepard roused himself with an impatient shrug—a check, of course. A physician's practice in the first year is not profitable even when backed by influential parents and friends.

"Yes?"
Reginald lifted the whip nervously, and the blacks sprang forward.
"Well, father, I want to get married. I know I'm young and have my way to make, but if you love a girl as I do, why, it gives you something to work for besides mere money."

Amos Shepard's lips closed firmly. Was it that butterfly Bessie Clayton, who had shared their opera box the night before? Reginald Shepard, M. D., read the sign aright, but plunged on.

"I suppose it sounds silly, because if it wasn't for you I couldn't keep up appearances, but I'll probably spend less money when we're married than I do now. Mabel doesn't care about show."

"Mabel who?"

"Don't you remember Mabel Brewer, Aunt Helen's adopted daughter? I met her two years ago when I was visiting on the farm, and—well, I love her; that's all. I know she's not as swagger as the girls in Kathie's set. She won't shine in society, but I don't give a rap. I don't want a career. One in the family is enough, and Kathie's going to cut a big swath. I just want a nice little home—and Mabel. She has her ideals of what a physician should be, and if I live up to them I reckon you won't have cause to be ashamed of me."

They were under the porte cochere. Without a word Amos Shepard tossed aside the fur robes.

"I say, dad, you're not angry?"

His father stood beside the cutter gazing up at a window screened by filmy lace. Suddenly he wheeled around and faced his son. Something the latter had never seen shone in Amos Shepard's eyes.

"Reginald, you remember that Van Twiller place on Grant avenue? It's not large or showy, but it's a mighty pretty little house. Well, I'll lead that over to Mabel on your wedding day. And now I've got to write a line to your Aunt Helen."

And Amos Shepard, banker and member of congress, ran up the granite steps like a boy.

Cursed Words of the Yezidees.

The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, are perhaps the only people in the world which consider certain letters, words and phrases as being cursed and the person who pronounces them a worthy subject for immediate destruction. They attach no value to human life, and to these ordinary dangers are added those arising from the embarrassing etiquette of conversational intercourse with them, for if any one inadvertently speaks the word "devil," "Satan" or anything with the same meaning he commits a mortal offense, and to cut off his head is a God pleasing act, a sacred duty of the Yezidee, the fulfillment of which will insure him a place in paradise.

In a like manner several letters are wholly banished from their language, chiefly those which contain the sound of "shun." The Arabian word mallet, "Thou art damped," is also expunged because it is believed by the Yezidees to have been the word uttered by God when the fallen angels were thrown into hell. These and similar words and phrases are set aside and combinations which do not belong to any language used instead.

WOMEN MOTHERS.

Sometimes mothers have a habit of monopolizing masculine attention which is very trying to their daughters. Women of this type are not necessarily frivolous and flighty.

Often they are motherly persons, with no desire to attach available men to themselves.

But they haven't the tact to let their girls share the honors of hospitality and taste the joys of playing hostess.

Where mothers grasp all the social power their girls are apt to be gauche and awkward in society. She spoils their chances.

The "reproving" type of mother is another terrible stumbling block in the matrimonial path.

However serious a fault a girl commits, she should never be scolded and belittled before young men.

There's a time for all things, and a snubbed girl is sure to show to the worst advantage.

WOMEN LEARN TO LAUGH.

Laughter is a good, healthy, muscle making, lung developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood; not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallnesses and its fun.

It should be part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants and the many social duties that become a burden—all are made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with an unflinching sense of the bright side of life. It is a sense that lasts through life, through its many ills, its disillusion, its tribulations, even its tragedies.—Woman's Home Companion.

MY LADY BOUNTIFUL

WOMEN DONATE MILLIONS TO WORK OF PHILANTHROPY.

First Year of the Century Notable by Reason of Rich Bequests to Education and Charity—Wealth Lavishly Scattered.

The first year of the twentieth century was marked by bountiful giving by America's rich women. Contributions to the cause of education, charity and religion have been so generous that the aggregate sum is astounding.

A woman's sympathies are easily touched by suffering and sorrow, and she is susceptible to religious influence. Consequently these objects are more likely to appeal to her as worthy of aid than educational institutions. Hospitals, missions, etc., have in the past been the recipients of women's generosity, while men have given more attention to founding schools and libraries. The past few years, however, have witnessed a tendency in women to help educational movements, and this cause has in several notable instances been richly endowed.

Only a few weeks ago the world was amazed to learn that Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, widow of the late Leland Stanford, had transferred \$30,000,000 worth of stocks, bonds and real estate to the great university founded as a memorial to her son, Leland Stanford, Jr.

This is the execution of plans made by Mr. and Mrs. Stanford several years ago, before the death of the husband, but even if this gift is excluded from the list the records show that women have given something like \$19,000,000 during the year. This of itself is a magnificent figure, and with the Stanford gift added it reaches \$48,000,000, a golden legacy well calculated to dazzle the eyes of the world.

Mrs. Stanford's gift is believed to be the largest ever made by man or woman for the benefit of a college, being considerably more than twice as large as the munificent contributions of John D. Rockefeller to the University of Chicago.

Another California woman, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, has been a generous giver to the University of California, a state institution. It is said that she is carrying out plans that involve an ultimate expenditure of about \$4,000,000 for the benefit of this college, for



MISS HELEN GOULD, which she has already done much. One of her first donations was \$300,000 for a mining building as a memorial to her husband.

Besides this work Mrs. Hearst bestows her wealth on many other worthy objects. She is supporting eight perpetual scholarships for girls at the State University of California. Kindergarten work also deeply interests her, and at times she supports as many as eighteen such schools, some in Washington and some in San Francisco. The Phoebe Hearst School for Girls, an Episcopal institution founded at Washington, was the recipient of bounty in the sum of \$200,000.

In connection with the subject of woman's giving the name of Miss Helen Gould stands prominently forth. For many years she has devoted her time and wealth to doing good. Her beneficence is directed more toward the relief of suffering and in religious work than along educational lines. She is supporting several charitable works and is a generous giver to various Young Men's Christian associations.

Among the largest gifts of the year was the donation of \$1,000,000 made jointly by Mrs. P. D. Armour and J. Ogden Armour to the Armour Institute. Mrs. Emmons Blaine has also won an enviable place as a contributor to charity and the cause of education. Altogether it is estimated that of the \$15,000,000 given to schools during the first half of last year \$6,000,000 came from women.

Charitable and religious objects have been enriched during the past by gifts from women aggregating about \$10,000,000, and about \$1,000,000 has been given to libraries. While it is impossible to give in detail the list of minor gifts or even to approximate them, it is evident that woman has played a noble part in the benefactions of the first year of the new century.

Hebrew and Jew.

The words Hebrew and Jew are used almost interchangeably, but the true distinction is this: Hebrew is the race name, Jew or Israelite the religious name. Between Jew and Israelite there is practically no distinction.

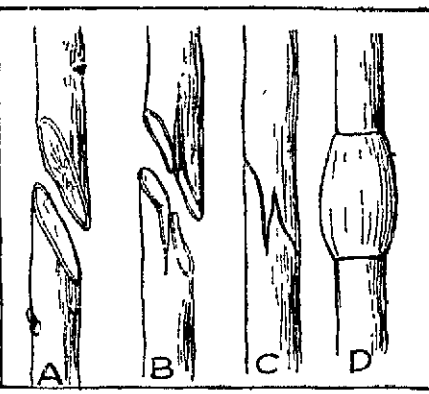


GRAFTING IN BRIEF.

Popular Methods Illustrated and Described—When to Graft.

Grafting is the term applied to the process of inserting a portion of one plant (the scion) upon the stem or one of the branches of a growing plant (the stock) in such a manner that it will continue its growth much the same as it would upon its own roots. The fruit of a scion is not changed by placing it upon other roots. The requisites of successful grafting are:

- 1. The plants must be closely related or the scion and stock will not unite. 2. The operation must be carefully performed so that the growing cells (cambium) of the two parts shall come in contact. 3. The wound must be protected from the weather and the union strengthened so that the growing parts of stock and scion shall be brought together with more or less pressure.

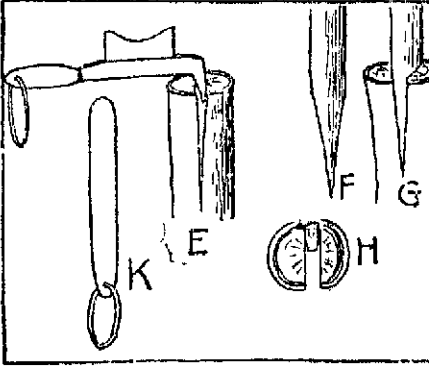


TONGUE GRAFTING.

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To accomplish these results the grafter must be provided with sharp tools and a supply of good grafting wax. The grafter's kit should consist of two knives, one for general cutting and one for the finishing cuts where a smooth surface is required; a saw for cutting off large limbs; a grafter's tool consisting of combined chisel and wedge and a mallet or mace. This latter is a plain stick of some hard, heavy wood, about the size of a broom handle or larger, and carried by a thong looped about the wrist. Thus it is always at hand and cannot get lost.

The wax is made as follows: Melt and mix together three parts beeswax, three parts rosin and two parts tallow. When it is well mixed, pour into cold water, and when it assumes a semi-solid condition pull, like taffy, with greased hands. Different methods of using the wax are in vogue. Some



TOOLS AND CLEFT GRAFTING.

[E, grafting tool spreading stock for reception of scion; F, scion trimmed; G, scion in position; cleft graft; H, cross-section of scion in position; K, grafter's mallet or mace.]

spread it thinly on strips of cloth and when the graft is made heat one of these strips over a lantern and bind it about the union. The common way, however, is to work the wax in the hands until it is soft and then apply enough to protect the graft and hold the scion in place.

There are ways of making grafts almost without number. In nursery work, where the scion and stock are about the same size, the whip or tongue graft is most successful. To make this cut stock and scion at the same slant, then split so as to make the tongues, as shown at B in the first cut. See that the tongues are so placed that the union will be continuous. Upon large stocks cleft grafting is usually employed. To make the cleft graft saw the stock squarely off, split it, whittle the scion to a wedge shape and insert it in the cleft. Two scions are often inserted, one on each side; then if one dies the other may continue to grow. If both live, the weaker one is cut away.

Graft in the spring before the buds burst. This is the general rule, but the apple may be successfully grafted after the buds have opened.

Be careful with the scions; know what varieties they are, and be sure they come from a good individual tree. They may be kept in the cellar in muck soil or moss or may be buried in the earth outside.—Ohio Farmer.

For San Jose Scale.

At the New York Fruit Growers' convention Professor Johnson of Maryland told that whole oil soap is good treatment for San Jose scale, where the trees to be treated are few, but it is too expensive in large orchards. Where trees are not more than twelve feet in height fumigation may be practiced at a cost of from 6 to 12 cents, not counting cost of apparatus. He recommended fumigating small trees and nursery stock and spraying large ones. The best time to spray with diluted crude petroleum or whale oil soap is before the buds open or, in general, from the latter part of March to early April.

How to Have Early Dahlias.

The objection to the old dahlia was its lateness of bloom. By starting the roots early in a frame or in boxes which are covered up at night the plants may be had in flower earlier than usual. They may be started in April or at least three weeks in advance of planting time.

BOBBING ON BEEMER'S BEND By JAMES ALLISON Copyright, 1901, by A.S. Richardson

"Did you ever meet such a jerk?" exclaimed Midge Turner as she jerked at the laces of her skating boots. "If Tom had hunted his class over, he couldn't have found anything more stupid."

"He would say 'could not.' This in a mischievous tone from Katherine Crozier, who was spending the Thanksgiving holiday with Midge at the latter's home in Vermont. "I believe your father is enjoying his visit tremendously," Mr. Turner was principal of the high school.

"Well, I do think," snapped Midge, tugging at the buttons on her fur-trimmed jacket, "that in view of the fact that I'm buried alive in this town nine months in the year Tom might have brought home a real jolly college chap, some one who would make things lively for us all."

"You need not complain," suggested Katherine. "You have Harry Martin, and he probably would not welcome any rival."

"That's quite enough, Kit. When will you learn that there is absolutely nothing between Harry and me?" "No thanks to Harry for that state of affairs," laughed Katherine as the two girls left the room.

A party of merry young people had gathered round the great fireplace in the hall, waiting for Midge and Katherine to join them on a bobbing trip to Beemer's hill. Midge ran out to the kitchen for a farewell word with her mother, who was never happier than when entertaining her children's friends. Tom was standing near the table enjoying a hot doughnut, and as Mrs. Turner disappeared in the direction of the hall laden with a plate of the toothsome cakes Midge turned to him impatiently.

"Who is to ride with your beloved Mr. Brome?" Tom turned to his sister in surprise. "Midge, that doesn't sound like you. I hoped you'd show him the courtesy."

"Don't preach, brother mine. I treat him decently when I'm with him, but to save my life I don't understand why you brought him home for the vacation when there are so many other chaps to choose from."

"So long as you put the question so bluntly, I'll tell you why, Midge—because while most of the fellows in my class could go home for their holidays Brome felt that he ought not spend the money for the trip to Illinois. Then I knew he wanted to come. When my little sister came down to the junior prom this fall, Brome thought she was the most charmingly unaffected and gentle-mannered girl he had ever met, and with his usual frankness confided this opinion to me."

Midge's cheeks flamed brilliantly, and the twinkle faded from Tom's eyes.

"Midge, dear, it isn't always the fellow who talks the most brilliantly, who goes in for sports and social gaieties, who finally scores best at college. There's lots in Brome that neither you nor I have ever fathomed, and I'm proud to call him my friend. He's quiet and rather delicate and not half so stylish as Harry Martin, but—" "That will do," exclaimed Midge curtly. "Never mind the list of virtues. The crowd is waiting."

But when she swept into the great hall the flush had not entirely faded from her cheeks. It seemed to Charley Brome that she had never looked so pretty as at this very moment.

He trudged along at her side, pleased because she had quietly fallen behind the merry throng to talk about some new fittings for Tom's room at college. Brome thought it must be very delightful to have a sister to make the dainty knickknacks which somehow never found their way into his den. His mother was managing a small farm in Illinois and with three other boys to clothe and send to school had little time for fancy work. Midge tried to think that she was simply doing her duty by her brother's guest, but before the mile to Beemer's hill had been covered she became deeply interested in her companion. If he did not belong to the football eleven, he knew the record of every man in the team. If he had never tobogganed or helped to build an ice castle or played polo, he could talk entertainingly on the latest new books, of which he seemed to possess a surprising number.

But after the first trip on the bobsled the illusion, as she termed it, seemed to fade again. He was just what she had first pronounced him—a prig; more than that—yes, a coward!

Beemer's hill was the most noted coasting ground in the country. It was a public highway, steep and smooth, with a gorgeous incline that kept the sleds plunging downward at an exhilarating speed. To be sure, wisecracks in the neighborhood had long predicted that some day reckless coasters would meet with an accident at the bend below Mr. Beemer's house, where the road rounded above a great cliff. But Tom Turner's hob was the finest in all the country round, heavily weighted to give it speed and steered by a well-adjusted wheel, and the young people on this particular morning boarded it without a tremor.

Tom steered, and Midge sat well to the rear and in front of Brome. Several times during the mad ride she felt his hand close almost convulsively on her arm, but she fairly revelled in the wild moment. She was strongly attracted in her tastes and afraid of nothing.

When the party reached the brow of the hill for the second plunge, Brome looked very grave, and while he made no effort to induce the others to give up the trip he firmly declined to make it again. Instead he would build a fire and have it jolly and comfortable on their return. Midge gave Katherine a significant glance, but she could not catch her brother Tom's eye. On their return from the run they found Brome chatting pleasantly with Harry Martin, who had driven over in his smart new cutter. Katherine and Midge sprang into the sleigh and cuddled down under the fur robes, while Harry stood beside them, his hand resting lightly on the reins. Suddenly a shout of laughter from the group around the brushwood fire startled the horse, and he plunged forward, jerking the reins from Harry's hands. Straight down the hill he tore, headed for Beemer's bend and the sheer cliff. What if his foot should slip on the bend!

The two girls did not scream, and Midge made a vain effort to snatch at the reins dragging on the ground. Her brother groaned and suddenly threw his hand in front of his face. That was why he did not see a slender, lithe figure throw itself on the bobsled and send it shooting after the runaway. It was Brome, skillfully steering the great sled so that it kept between the runaway and the outer edge of the road. The two vehicles, the swaying cutter and the jerking bobsled, round the fatal cliff, with just a few inches to spare on its edge for the brave fellow who handles the wheel. Now the horse gains, but the road is safe and level. Brome steers his unwieldy sled to the inside of the road. He gains once more. As he shoots past the cutter he leans forward and catches the reins. The sled darts from under him. He is on his feet, sawing on the lines, but with the blood flowing from a cut on his head.

A WIDOW HATER (Original.)

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"Only permit my mother to ask her to visit us, uncle," pleaded Mark. "I'm sure you will fall in love with her yourself."

"I'll have nothing to do with her," stormed the colonel. "A widow! They are designing creatures, every one of them. She is trying to get you for my property."

"She is rich in her own right." "Silence! If you marry her, you may rest assured that not a dollar of mine will ever reach her through you."

So the matter rested. One morning it was announced that the Villiers place, nearly opposite the Waterfords, had been let to Mr. and Mrs. Stryklin. Mrs. Stryklin took possession. Mr. Stryklin, it was understood, had been called to London on important business, but would return in a few weeks. Nobody knew the Stryklins, but as they were rich and Mrs. Stryklin, a dashing woman of twenty-four, gave evidence of superior refinement she was accepted in the Edgewater circle.

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"Marry? Who says I am to marry?" said the colonel, coloring.

"All Edgewater had better mind its own business." The colonel went off in a huff, but did not in the least cease his attentions to Mrs. Stryklin. The lady was so charming, so gracious to the lesser lights of Edgewater, so independent in her treatment of the nabobs except Colonel Waterford, that, despite a natural prejudice against her designs, she became more popular every day. The colonel more and more infatuated, failed to contradict the reports that as soon as a divorce was obtained by Mrs. Stryklin he would marry her. Mrs. Punter protested, Mark protested, but the colonel at last threw off all shame and avowed that Mrs. Stryklin was one of those cases where a woman having made a matrimonial mistake should not be rendered miserable in consequence through a whole lifetime.

One day the colonel after an interview with his inamorata looked decidedly pleased. It was inferred that the courts had decided favorably, and there was now no impediment to a marriage. Then he sent out invitations for a fete champetre, and every one understood that the engagement would be announced during the festivities. On the evening of the fete the colonel strolled away into the flower garden with Mrs. Stryklin. Seating themselves on a rustic bench, they conversed in low tones.

"Now that there is no impediment I beg of you to name the day," said the colonel.

"What impediment?" "A husband."

"I have no husband." "No husband?"

"No. You got all that from these stupid reports that have been flying about. I did not contradict them even to you. I am not divorced. I am a widow."

There was a smothered laugh from behind a ledge near by. Then Mark Punter stood before them.

"A widow, uncle!" he said. "She's trying to get your property."

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed the colonel, starting up.

"It means, my dear colonel," said the lady, "that I have concocted a conspiracy to take a good natured revenge upon you for your imputations upon widows. That is all. I am engaged to marry your nephew, and were it not for him I assure you I would be only too delighted to marry you."

"You have deceived me by permitting me to believe false reports." "I am responsible for the reports, uncle," said Mark.

"I shall cut you off with a shilling, sir!" The colonel fumed, but the widow held him in check till the first anger passed, and when he realized how handsomely he had been taken in he was quite delighted with the widow's performance. It was still some time before he gave his consent to his nephew's marriage, and when he did he declared that there was but one widow in the world who should enter his family with his welcome. All the rest were designing, deceitful creatures.

KENNEL Y. SPOTTISWOODE.

The Sergeant's Story (Original.)

The 4th United States Infantry was in garrison. It was midnight. The relief had just come in to the guardhouse tired and irritable, especially one man, a recruit who had not yet got used to guard duty.

"If I ever get a chance," he said, "I'll pay off that little poppinjay. To think of me, a grown man, bein' under orders from a snip like that!"

"Who are you talkin' about?" asked the sergeant of the guard, with four service stripes on his sleeve. "Lieutenant Bumble."

"See here, man, if you want to shoot words at Lieutenant Bumble you'd better fire in hearin' of some one else besides Sergeant Conover. P'raps I haven't been face to face with death in company with Lieutenant Bumble, and p'raps it wasn't his pluck that kep' me up when I was ready to drop with fear of cold murder."

The Old Tongue AND THE NEW (Original.)

His hobby was language. His pupils said of him, "Professor Robertson fed on Greek roots when he was a boy," and "Professor Robertson would rather ask for a stone in a dead language than for bread in a living one." These are samples of the jokes that irrelevant undergraduates heaped upon "the old professor," as they were wont to call him—he was thirty-eight—but it must not be understood that they did not love him. He was a simple minded, ingenious creature who, like Uncle Toby, would not hurt a fly, and although he was infatuated with no one, every one would have been glad to be intimate with him.

Among the students in the Woman's college attached to the university was one Eunice Middleton, who attended all of Professor Robertson's lectures so long as she was an undergraduate, and when her class finished and went out into the world she remained behind to take a postgraduate course in Sanskrit. Her friends wondered at this, because Eunice was by no means scholarly and was less proficient in languages than in any other branch. Perhaps it was this that led her to secure Professor Robertson's services to tutor her during her college career and to take a postgraduate course under him in a class of which she was the only member. She seemed to be intensely interested in Sanskrit. She would sit by him for hours poring over her lessons, asking innumerable questions and making now and then a comment which caused the professor to sigh at the betrayal of ignorance it involved. Three years of postgraduate study passed, and when Eunice's classmates returned for their first triennial meeting they found Eunice still plodding on, Professor Robertson's only pupil in the class in Sanskrit.

"How does Miss Middleton get on?" asked one of the returned graduates of the professor. "I presume she speaks the language fluently by this time."

The professor put his hand to his chin meditatively. "Miss Middleton is an enthusiastic scholar," he said, "but I fear her mind is better fitted for more practical branches. She does not progress very rapidly."

"Have you taught her the verb witi which we began the study of Latin?" "You mean?"

"To love." "No," said the professor innocently. "Do you think that would help her?"

"I am sure of it. Try it. You will convert her into an apt scholar."

Profiting by the advice, the professor returned to his pupil resolved to concentrate his efforts on the Sanskrit verb "to love." The new departure seemed only to make matters worse. Eunice got mixed up between Sanskrit and English for "I love," "You love," "He loves," and after a week's drill became discouraged, broke down and wept on the professor's shoulder. He sympathetically put his arm about her and said something, he scarcely knew what, but when he started anew with the lesson she could give him the Sanskrit and the English for "I love," "You love," was astonishing ease.

Having spent three years in one language and got only so far as the verb "to love," Eunice concluded to graduate. Besides, she was engaged to marry Professor Robertson, and the faculty decided that to prolong the course under the circumstances might injure the good name of the college. The professor heaved a deep sigh that he might go on in his studies without the sympathizing constant, but Eunice delighted him by saying that she would not by any means give up so interesting study, declaring that every day she would devote a certain time with him to Sanskrit.

During their engagement the professor called upon her three evenings in the week, the first hour of the visit being devoted to the lesson, the rest to illustrations upon the verb "to love." The study was interrupted for a short time by marriage, but after their return from a bridal trip Eunice insisted upon its resumption, much to her husband's comfort. Living in the same house, it was not now necessary that they should study in the evenings. The professor's first lecture at the college was not given till 10 o'clock, so that each morning from 9 to 10 they sat in the library pursuing a language to which they were devoting the fourth year and of which Eunice had learned little more than the verb "to love."

Then came a little stranger to interrupt this rare devotion to study. Mrs. Robertson declared that so soon as the child's habits were properly formed she would rejoin her husband at his books. Weeks went by, and yet she made no move to return. The professor waited patiently, believing that some impediment still existed which in time would disappear, but the hour from 9 to 10 was supremely slow. He soon lost some of his enthusiasm as a linguist. One morning, hearing sounds in his wife's bedroom above, he went up stairs to discover what was keeping her from a resumption of her lesson. Listening at the door, he heard a splashing and an infantile voice:

"BTU-abon-glum-ago!"

Then Mrs. Robertson: "Now put his little footy footy down in the water and splash with his 'little finners.'"

Professor Robertson sighed. He had discovered that a new language had supplemented Sanskrit. Returning to his lonely study, he endeavored to become interested in his books, but was surprised that he could see nothing on them but—

"BTU-abon-glum-ago!"

OLIVE PENNEWELL.

A TUNNEL EPISODE (Original.)

Taking a train recently on the Erie railroad for New York, I entered a drawing room car and was assigned to seat No. 5. Seat No. 4 was occupied by an eminently respectable gentleman with a gray mustache and No. 3 by a rosybud of a girl, whom I judged was his daughter. She had the prettiest pair of blue eyes in the world, above which tumbled in artistic waves a mass of fluffy light hair. The vermilion of her lips was contrasted by a little black patch the size of a silver five-cent piece placed directly under a corner of her mouth. It seemed to be insecurely fastened, for I noticed that she occasionally pressed her handkerchief to it in order to make it stick.

The father soon settled to his newspaper, while the daughter seemed indisposed to settle to anything. She was continually casting glances through the car, as if looking for some one, and whenever the train stopped east a quick glance at every one who came in. When the train moved on, she would fan herself restlessly till we made the next stop.

Presently at one of the stops a young man carrying a suit case got aboard and glanced through the car, and I saw his eyes meet those of the young girl. Though there was not the slightest sign of recognition, I knew at once that they had met before. Seat No. 1, next the lady, was vacant, and in a few minutes the porter had assigned it to the young man. The girl swung round so that her back was to him and addressed some words to her father, pointing out of the window, but I noticed that her breath was coming quick and her face had lost some of its color. The young man soon turned his back to all of us, took a novel from his suit case and began to read, but from the number of times he turned to glance through the glass beside him I judged that his attention was not fixed upon the book. His seat, the end one, was next a mirror, and it was not long before the girl, though his back was toward her, was exchanging glances with him.

A few miles from the terminus of the road at Jersey City is a long tunnel. Just before the train entered this tunnel the porter attempted to light the gas in the center of the car, but had only one match, which was extinguished before he succeeded. Plunging under ground, we plunged also into total darkness.

When we shot out into the light, the young couple were sitting back to back; but, horror of horrors, the patch on the face of the girl had been transferred to the mustache of the young man! This I could see by the mirror. I have been at that sort of danger myself and have a fellow feeling for any one similarly placed. The father was looking out of the window; the girl, unconscious of the transfer of her patch, was sitting with her face toward him; the young man's face was exposed to any one who chose to look into the mirror. How could I communicate with the young man unobserved? I stared at his reflection, hoping to catch his eye, but he was so absorbed in the remembrance of the loss he had stolen that his eye was not to be caught. Meanwhile the father faced his daughter and began to gather up their belongings, his face being directly toward the mirror. Tapping him on the shoulder, I asked him by what means I had best reach the Grand Central depot in New York. While he was telling me I was trying to catch the eye of the young man. This talking to the father and gesticulating at the young man at the same time were more difficult than gridding an organ and dancing a waltz. Nevertheless I kept it up while the train was rapidly nearing the station.

Presently the young man arose to take his suit case from the rack above and saw by my expression that something had happened. I pointed to my upper lip and glared at him. He stood looking at me stupidly for a time, then put his hand to his face, and when he withdrew it the patch came also. At the moment the young lady noticed that something was wrong and, glancing from me to her lover, saw him looking at her patch on his hand.

Oh, the crimson of roses, the carnation of pink, the scarlet of poppies! None of these was ever so beautiful as the flush that came upon the cheek of this pretty girl. No patch was needed to make a contrast. It flamed against the ivory of her face, a banner of love unfurled to the gaze of all who chose to look.

The young man rose to the occasion. Rushing up to me, he grasped my hand. "Why, John! Where did you spring from? Why didn't you let me know you were on the train? Where do you stop in the city?"

Between my replies I managed to slip my card into his hand, and he hurried away after the father and daughter, who were by this time leaving the car.

One morning, soon after, I received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Chaney. I had forgotten the car episode and went to the dinner not knowing who were to be my hosts. When Mr. Chaney received me in the drawing room, I recognized at once the girl of the black patch, and her husband proved to be the young man who had kissed her in the tunnel. It turned out that the man I had taken for the father was her guardian and was scheming to marry her. His plans were frustrated by the couple, who managed to elude him in a crowd before crossing the Hudson. But for my warning their plot would have been discovered and frustrated.

The couple have since become my intimate friends.

MAURICE E. BROCKETT.

The Fabulous Basilisk.

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of medieval folklore. According to the popular notion, it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl. In the ancient picture-books it was usually represented as an eight limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basiliscos, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Phny assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers, Pliny, Bascho and others, say that its bite was mortal in every case, that its breath was suffocating and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often used, suspended in belleries, to prevent swallows from building there.

The Inventor of Stoves.

While Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, he can be said to belong to Pennsylvania as truly as does William Penn, who was born in England, but came here, as did Franklin, from Boston. And how many people in Philadelphia—or elsewhere in the United States—know that we are indebted largely to Franklin for the stoves which a century ago began to replace the fireplaces and more crude arrangements for grates warming our houses?

The Franklin stove, which in its days of early development was merely a portable iron fireplace, with open front, in which wood was burned to heat an apartment, was given its name because it was invented by Benjamin Franklin and was really the connecting link between the rude fireplaces of the last century and the stoves of today.

Diamonds From Volcanoes.

It is frequently observed that some of the most destructive and fearful agencies of nature are at the same time lavish in their gifts for the benefit of man. A volcano seems the very personification of the power of devastation, and yet, according to investigations, it seems probable that we may owe our possession of the gem that has in every age dazzled the imagination more than any other, the diamond, to the productive energy of volcanoes.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

The Widow HATER (Original.)

Colonel Danvers Waterford, a widower, with no children, lived in one of the handsomest places on Edgewater point with his sister, Mrs. Punter, and her son Mark, the latter being her expectant to the Waterford estates.

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"A widow, uncle!" he said. "She's trying to get your property."

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed the colonel, starting up.

"It means, my dear colonel," said the lady, "that I have concocted a conspiracy to take a good natured revenge upon you for your imputations upon widows. That is all. I am engaged to marry your nephew, and were it not for him I assure you I would be only too delighted to marry you."

"You have deceived me by permitting me to believe false reports." "I am responsible for the reports, uncle," said Mark.

"I shall cut you off with a shilling, sir!" The colonel fumed, but the widow held him in check till the first anger passed, and when he realized how handsomely he had been taken in he was quite delighted with the widow's performance. It was still some time before he gave his consent to his nephew's marriage, and when he did he declared that there was but one widow in the world who should enter his family with his welcome. All the rest were designing, deceitful creatures.

KENNEL Y. SPOTTISWOODE.

The Sergeant's Story (Original.)

The 4th United States Infantry was in garrison. It was midnight. The relief had just come in

